

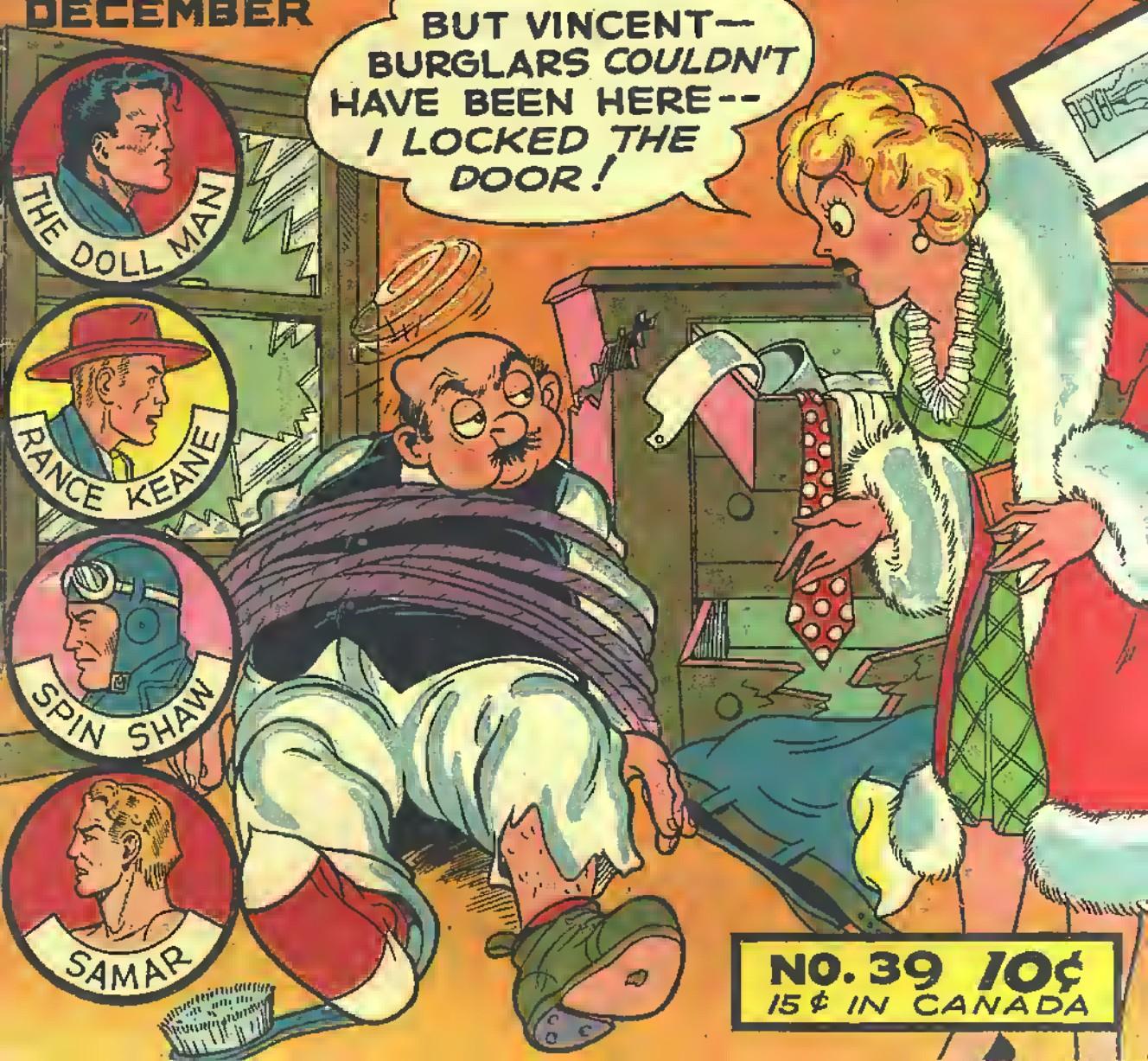
# FEATURE

COMICS

QUALITY  
COMIC  
GROUP

DECEMBER

BUT VINCENT—  
BURGLARS COULDN'T  
HAVE BEEN HERE--  
I LOCKED THE  
DOOR!



NO. 39 10¢  
15¢ IN CANADA

# WEBGOMIC UNIVERSE.COM



*The*

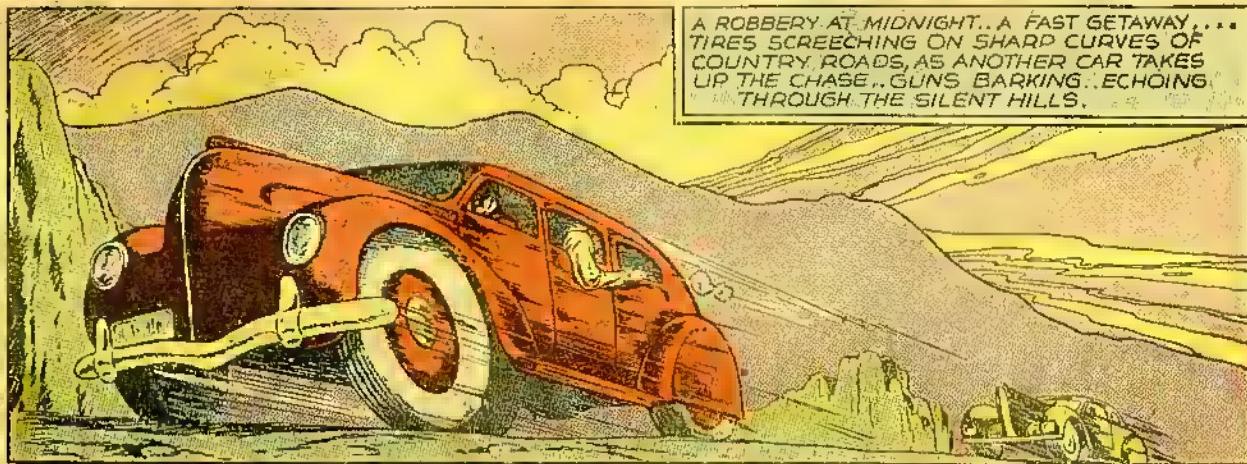
DARREL  
DALE, THE DOLL  
MAN, FINDS AN  
ADVENTURE IN A  
FORGOTTEN WORLD  
OF EARLY AMERICA  
IN THE DAYS OF  
THE PURITANS.

# DOLL MAN

by William Erwin Maxwell



A ROBBERY AT MIDNIGHT.. A FAST GETAWAY...  
TIRES SCREECHING ON SHARP CURVES OF  
COUNTRY ROADS, AS ANOTHER CAR TAKES  
UP THE CHASE.. GUNS BARKING.. ECHOING  
THROUGH THE SILENT HILLS.



THE GANGETERS AND PURSUITERS RIP WILDLY UP THE SIDE OF A MOUNTAIN.



YOU'RE MAD, DARREL! IF WE DO CATCH THOSE THUGS, WHAT THEN? WE HAVE NO GUNS.

YOU'RE NOT FORGETTING THE DOLL MAN, ARE YOU, PROFESSOR?

SUDDENLY...



THE AVALANCHE SENDS BOTH CARS CRASHING INTO SMOKING WRECKAGE.



THE CROOKS CLIMB OUT.



WE GOTTA LEAVE 'EM! THE COPS'LL BE HERE!



HEY, LOOK! A CAVE.. WE CAN HIDE TILL THE HEAT IS OFF!

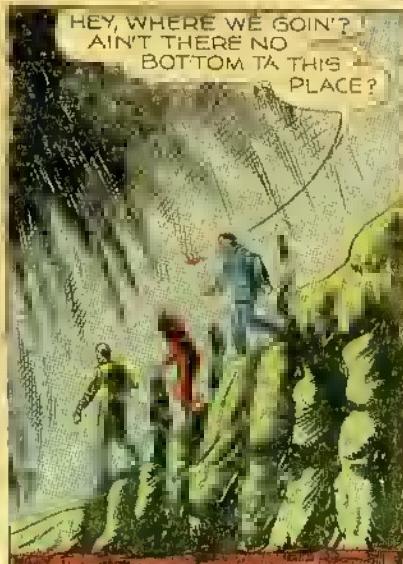
HURRIEDLY, THE THUGS SEEK THE ROCKY SHELTER.



THEY FIND NOT A CAVE, BUT A LONG, DARK TUNNEL.



HEY, WHERE WE GOIN'?  
AIN'T THERE NO BOTTOM TA THIS PLACE?



SUDDENLY THE LEADER, SLIM, STOPS SHORT, AMAZED AT WHAT HE SEES.



AM I DREAMING?  
NO, I CAN'T BE,  
I GOT INSOMNIA!



MEANWHILE, SOUNDS OF LIFE COME FROM DARREL DANES' BURIED CAR...



TRAPPED? WELL,  
THERE'S ONE WAY OUT!



TRANSFORMING HIMSELF INTO THE AMAZING LITTLE FIGURE OF THE DOLL MAN, HE SHOOTS OUT OF THE WINDOW.



IF I CAN SHOVE SOME OF THESE BOULDERS OFF THE DOOR...

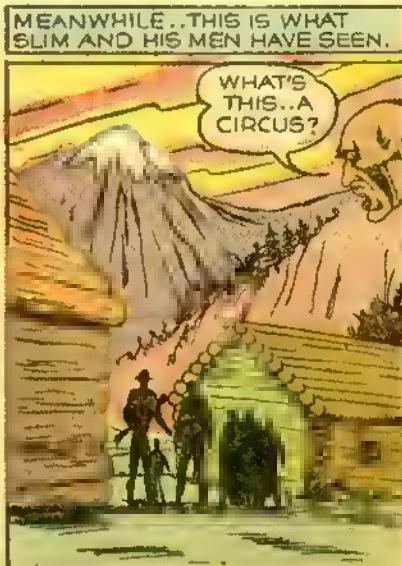
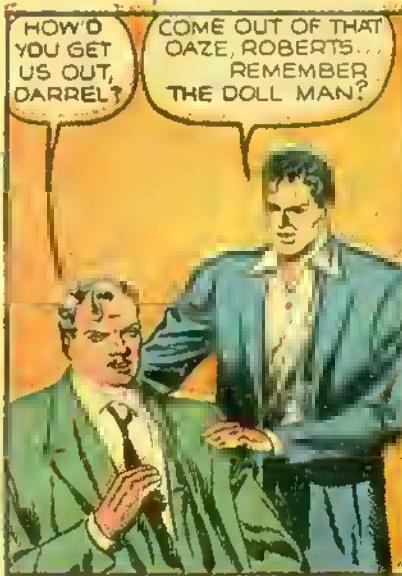


SOON THE CAR EMERGES FROM ITS STONY GRAVE.



COME ON,  
PROFESSOR.  
TIME TO GET UP!





AH, PERHAPS THOU COMEST  
FROM THE WORLD BEYOND  
THESE HILLS. WE HAVE  
NEVER VENTURED FROM  
OUR VALLEY SINCE OUR  
ANCESTORS SETTLED  
HERE, CENTURIES  
AGO.

ZAT SO?

THE CROOKS ARE MADE  
WELCOME VISITORS TO THE  
STRANGE PURITAN VILLAGE.

OUR TOWN IS  
OPEN TO THEE  
AND THINE FRIENDS  
AS LONG AS  
THOU WISHEST  
TO STAY.

Q.K., PAL!

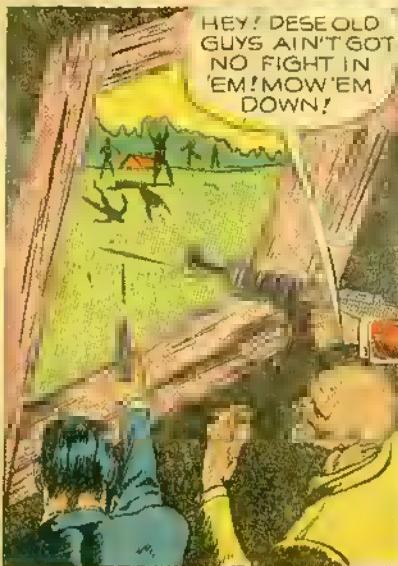


BUT THE GANGSTERS DO NOT  
RETURN THE KINDNESS OF  
THEIR HOST.

HEY, THESE GUYS  
HAVE GOT  
PLENTY OF  
SWAG!  
DIDJA SEE  
HIS RING?



THE VILLAGERS ACT PEACE-  
FULLY AGAINST THIS  
VIOLENCE.



BEYOND THE MYSTERIOUS VALLEY, THE DOLL MAN FINDS A SMALL ENTRANCE TO A TUNNEL...

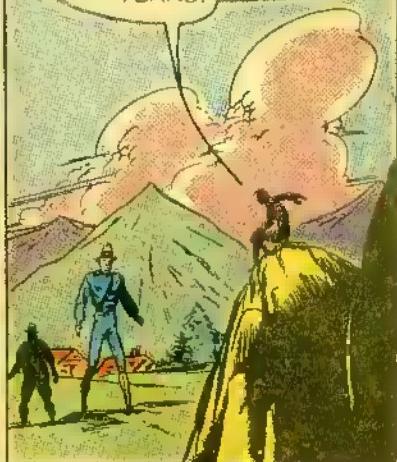
HE FOLLOWS SWIFTLY THROUGH...



...AND COMES UPON THE PURITAN SETTLEMENT...



AMAZING! THESE PEOPLE HAVEN'T CHANGED THEIR WAY OF LIVING FOR OVER TWO HUNDRED YEARS.



THEY'RE CARRYING ALL THE GOLD INTO THAT HOUSE... STRANGE!



SOMETHING'S VERY WRONG HERE... THAT YOUNG PRICILLA IS WEEPING!



THE DOLL MAN LEAPS TO A SACK OF GOLD AND JEWELRY THAT THE GIRL IS CARRYING.



AH! SO YOU'VE DECIDED TO OBEY THE MEN FROM THE NEW WORLD? NOW....



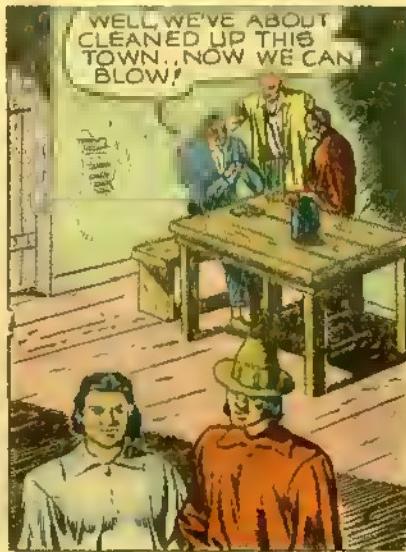
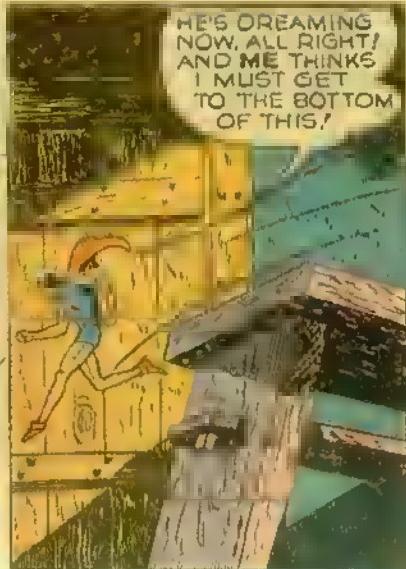
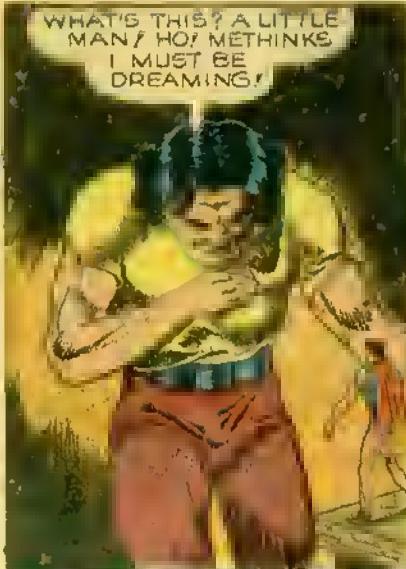
...A KISS?



THE VILLAGER IN THE GANGSTERS' PAY, QUICKLY LEARNED THEIR EVIL WAYS.

SUDDENLY



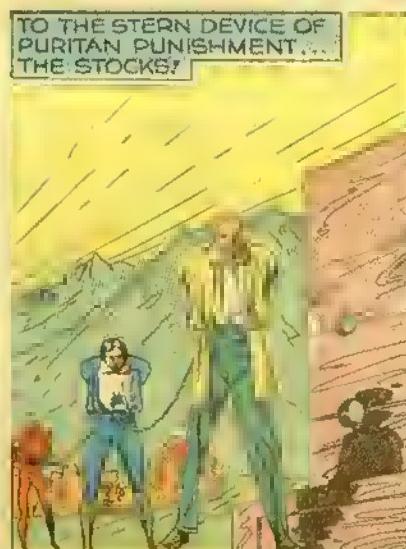




MY! MY! WELL, LITTLE FRIEND, WHAT HAST THOU TO SAY?

WILL YOU HELP ME RETURN YOUR PEOPLE'S STOLEN GOLD?

HAPPILY, THE SCHOOL MASTER VISITS EACH HOUSE WITH THE STOLEN GOLD AND RE-DISTRIBUTES IT.



# RANCE KEANE

BY...

Will Arthur

HARVEY TOPPING'S TWIN BROTHER TRIED TO BILK HARVEY OUT OF THE FAMILY FORTUNE WHEN RANCE KEANE BALLED THE PLOT.... SEEKING A WAY TO REWARD HIS FRIEND WITHOUT INSULTING HIM, HARVEY INVITED RANCE ON A "TREASURE" EXPEDITION HE'S FINANCIING.... SCENE NOW, COLUMBUS CIRCLE, NEW YORK CITY.....

THAT SOUNDS LIKE A SWELL SCHEME, HARVEY! OF COURSE I WANT TO GO WITH YOU!

AS TOPPING PASSES A BLIND MAN IN THE CIRCLE HE SNELLS OUT A DOLLAR, AND SLIPS IT INTO THE CUP.....

GOSH ALL HAY... I'M SURE HE HOOKS, IF TOPPING MEANS CAN AFFORD T'GIVE YOU TO GO A BLIND JASPER.... ONG, PEE THAT MUCH, HE CAN WEE...ISN'T TAKE ME ON THIS THAT GIRL TRIP TOO, CAN'T HE? OVER THERE

LOOKIN'?



AT THE ENTRANCE TO HARVEY TOPPING'S SWANKY HOTEL.....

I'VE HAD A CHART EXPERT CHECK IT. WE USED TO HAVE TREASURE MAP AND HE SAYS IT LOOKS GENUINE WEST WHEN I I'LL SHOW IT TO YOU IN MY NEVER FOUND LIVING ROOM. NOTHING BUT SACKS FULLA CANDY, THOUGH.



SHE WAS KINDA PRETTY, BUT TOLUSH TO, DON'TCHA THINK?

THAT'S THE MAN, HARVEY TOPPING! I TOLD YOU ABOUT FOLLOW HIM. YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!



WE FLY TO THIS POINT, BUT FROM THERE WE TRAVEL BY BOAT OR WE'D MISS THE CLUES.



YOU FOLLOW OOOOW! TOPPING AND SOL! I'LL GET WHAT I TOLD YOU, OR I'LL DO IT! I'LL DO IT! I'LL.....



WHEN HARVEY TOPPING OPENS THE DOOR, THERE'S A STRANGE GIRL THERE....

OH, MR. TOPPING, I'VE SIMPLY GOT TO TALK TO YOU. YOU'LL FORGIVE ME FOR NOT PHONING FROM THE LOBBY, BUT... BUT... I DIDN'T DARE!



THE STRANGE GIRL BABBLES AN INCOHERENT STORY ABOUT A MAN WHO'S BEEN SHADOWING HER. SHE PLEADS WITH TOPPING TO SAVE HER...

BUT MY DEAR ALL RIGHT, MR. GIRL, THAT'S A MATTER FOR YOU SAY SO. THE POLICE I'M I'LL TRUST SURE THEY'D YOU TO PROTECT YOU. ADVISE ME TO DO THE RIGHT THING

RANCE PLUMMETS DOWN THE STAIRS THREE AT A TIME. THE GIRL WATCHES PEE WEE AND TOPPING RIDE DOWN. THEN WITH GREAT DARING, SHE STEPS INTO THE NEXT CAR, RIDES TO THE BASEMENT AND SLIPS OUT THE SERVICE ENTRANCE...

SHE MUST'VE GOT AWAY. SHE WASN'T ON THE STAIRS... DIDN'T COME THROUGH THE LOBBY! AND SHE WASN'T ON THE STAIRS... WAIT A MINUTE! SHE'S THE SAME GIRL WE SAW AT COLUMBUS CIRCLE! COME ON... I'VE A HUNCH!

BUT AFTER SHE LEAVES....

HARVEY! WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN... NOT TO WATCH HER CLOSER!... THAT GIRL'S MADE OFF WITH HALF YOUR TREASURE MAP!

WHAT!

WHEW! IS SHE SLICK!

GO DOWN IN THE ELEVATOR, PEE WEE, AND CATCH HER AT THE BOTTOM. I SAW HER DUCK IN HERE!

OKEYDOKEY RANCE, I'D RATHER RIDE ANYWAY!



MEANWHILE, THE GIRL RETURNS TO THE BLIND MAN'S CORNER...

HERE'S AS MUCH OF THE MAP AS I COULD GRAB. NOW WILL YOU FREE ME, YOU FIEND!

YOU LITTLE FOOL, YOU'LL GET CAUGHT HANGING AROUND ME! LAY LOW TILL I PHONE YOU... NOW, SCRAM!



YOU WAS RIGHT, RANCE! THERE SHE GOES INTO THE PARK!



BUT THE GIRL RUNS THROUGH CENTRAL PARK LIKE A DEER.

KEEP AFTER HER, PEE WEE! MAYBE I CAN HEAD HER OFF THIS WAY!

MIGOSH, RANCE! SHE'S QUICKER'N GREASY LIGHTNING!



I GOTCHA! HERE, NOW! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?



AT THE POLICE STATION THE GIRL GIVES HER NAME AS CANDIDA KANE... RANCE KEANE HAS HER HELD ON SUSPICION....

I DON'T SEE WHY YOU HAD THE KANE GIRL HELD WHEN THE POLICE MATRON DIDN'T FIND THE CHART ON HER, RANCE.....



BUT SHE'S INNOCENT, JUST THE SAME. SHE WAS SCARED TO DEATH TO TALK! AND WHY?... BECAUSE IF SHE DID, THE PERSON WHO PUT HER UP TO THE JOB WOULD "GET" HER... MAYBE KILL HER!.....

THAT'S THE PERSON I WANT TO GET MY HANDS ON!



SHORTLY BEFORE MIDNIGHT, RANCE AND HIS FRIEND PEE WEE LEE HEAD FOR THE WAREHOUSE.....

NOBODY BUT THAT BLIND GUY HAS GONE O.K., BY THE PLACE FOR A PEE WEE. HALF HOUR, RANCE, WELL, IT OUGHTA BE TRY ONE OF THE BACK WINDOWS... LET'S GO!



AT THE HOTEL DESK HARVEY TOPPING RECEIVES A STRANGE NOTE...

THE "EVE," HUH? VERY INTERESTING!

Mr. Come ~~to a~~  
one a.m. to the ware-  
house at the  
West and 3rd St.  
Bring the other  
half of the map  
DEATH if you  
dare!

HOLD STILL, PEE WEE! YOU'RE SHAKING SO HARD I CAN HARDLY HANG ONTO THIS WINDOW LEDGE! YOU'RE TEETH. IT'S NOT SCARED, ARE YOUR SO COLD NIGHTS, I CAN'T KEEP 'EM FROM CHATTERING!



I HAD HER HELD IN JAIL, BECAUSE I BELIEVE SHE'S INNOCENT, HARVEY.

ARE YOU PLUMB LOCO? SHE ROBBED US RIGHT IN FRONT OF OUR NOSE, RANCE!



SHALL I GO, RANCE? YES! WE'LL SPORT, HE CALLED UP A IT... AND WE WELCOMING ALL MAY BE PARTY DEALER'N FOR THE "EVE"... HERRING IN THIS SHOULD BE THE GOOD SPORT! MORNING!



RANCE GIVES PEE WEE A HAND UP... BUT JUST AS RANCE LEAPS LIGHTLY TO THE FLOOR INSIDE, THERE'S A SWISH... A THUD... AND RANCE SEES NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY-ONE STARS!



LEAPING BRAVELY INTO THE DARK, PEE WEE FLAILS ABOUT HIM WITH HIS FISTS, AND STRIKES NOTHING BUT EMPTY AIR... A SECOND LATER THE STREET DOOR OPENS AND A MAN DASHES OUT...



GOT NO CHUMP! I KNOW WHAT... A HOW HE GOT HEADACHE? I AROUND IN THE

K, HOW HE KNEW WE WERE THERE, HOW HE SPIED ON HARVEY ALL THE TIME, HOW THAT GIRL GOT RID OF THE CHART SO FAST... COME ON! WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!



DOWN THE STREET THEY GO, AND UP TO THE CORNER....

PHOOEY! THIS BILL SMELLS LIKE IT WAS SOAKED IN CLEANING FLUID...

IT HAS BEEN..... INFLAMMABLE CLEANING FLUID... AND I WANT YOU TO TOSS IT IN THAT BLIND MAN'S CUP!



PEE WEE DOES AS HE'S TOLD.... FOLLOWING CLOSE BEHIND, RANCE TOSSES A LIT MATCH INTO THE CUP AND IT BURSTS INTO FLAMES!!!

LOOK OUT, YOU WELL, YOU CAN LUNATIC! WHAT HOG-TIE ME ARE YOU TRYING TO DO, BURN ME UP?



WHEN THE "BLIND MAN" TRIES TO PULL A GUN...



AT THE POLICE STATION, RANCE CONFRONTS THE "BLIND MAN" WITH THE GIRL.....

YOU CAN SPEAK SAFELY NOW, HE MADE ME STEAL THAT CHART OF MR. CROOK IS DUE FOR A LONG STRETCH IN THE "PEN."

STEAL THAT CHART OF MR. TOPPINGS! I KNOW WHERE HE HAS IT HIDDEN TOO!



THE "BLIND MAN" SAFELY JAILED, CANDIDA KANE TAKES OUR FRIENDS TO THE BLIND MAN'S ROOM, WHERE THEY FIND THE CHART...

I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH, CUT HER IN FOR MISS KANE. MY SHARE OF THE TREASURE WHEN YOU'RE A BRAVE GIRL TO HELP WE FIND IT, US AS YOU DID! HARVEY!



# NIPPIE

HE'S  
OFTEN  
WRONG

STAND BACK,  
NIPPIE - HE SLINGS  
HIS BAT WHEN  
HE HITS!

DON'T  
WORRY  
- I'LL  
DODGE!

SMACK!

WHACK!

# MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

SO YOUR UNCLE YEAH - WITH  
PHIL IS SEEIN' MR. CLANCY  
THE WORLD'S AND MR.  
FAIR TODAY, HOUЛИHAN ---  
EH, MICKEY ?  
I GOT HIM A PASS  
"SO HE'LL SEE A  
LOT OF THINGS  
FREE!"

AW - DON'T TAKE NOPE - THIS  
A WHEELCHAIR, IS EASIER!  
PHIL... LET'S I'LL SEE YA  
WALK AROUND AT TH'LAGOON  
TOGETHER! OF NATIONS AT  
THREE O'CLOCK!

THAT'S THE  
COMMUNICATIONS  
BUILDING ON  
YOUR RIGHT,  
SIR...

A VERY  
IMPOSING  
STRUCTURE,  
I'D SAY!



# NIPPIE

HE'S  
OFTEN  
WRONG

BUT, NIPPIE—  
D'YA THINK  
YOU CAN SING  
GOOD ENOUGH  
TO BE IN THE  
GLEE CLUB?

SAY—I'LL  
BE IN  
ALRIGHT,  
WHEN THE  
TEACHER  
HEARS ME!

WAIT—STOP!  
CHILDREN...  
STOP!!

# MICKEY FINN

MICHAEL—DO YOU AN' TOM WANTA SAIL ON THE LAKE? I'M GONNA RENT A BOAT...

NO THANKS, UNCLE PHIL... WE'RE GOIN' FOR A NICE HIKE INTO THE MOUNTAINS !

ARE YOU SURE YOU CAN SAIL HER, MISTER? IT'S KINDA WINDY OUT THERE.

LISTEN, BUD.. I'VE SAILED AROUND THE WORLD MANY TIMES, AND I NEVER USED A SAILBOAT MORE THAN 8



WOW! THIS HIKE IS KILLIN' ME, MICKEY... IF WE'D HAVE GONE SAILIN' WITH YOUR UNCLE WE'D BEEN SMART... AN' WE WOULDN'T BE TRYIN' TO THUMB A RIDE LIKE THIS!

YEAH!



By LANK LEONARD

# NIPPIE

HE'S  
OFTEN  
WRONG

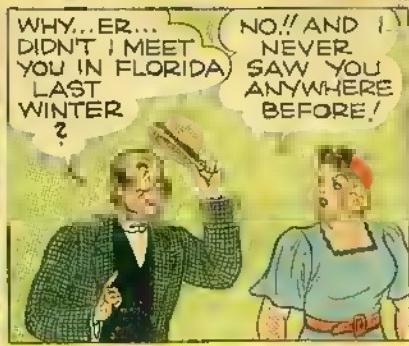
DON'T TRY TO KNOCK YOUR BEST BALL ACROSS THAT POND, NIPPIE... USE AN OLD BALL!

[AW-]



# MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



# NIPPIE

HE'S  
OFTEN  
WRONG

SO HELEN  
WON'T GO TO  
ED'S PARTY  
WITH YOU, EH  
NIPPIE  
?

AW-I DON  
CARE-I'LL  
ASK  
BETTY  
T'GO!

BUT-WHAT  
IF BETTY  
FINDS YOU  
ASKED HELEN  
FIRST?

SAY-BETTY IS  
SO CRAZY  
ABOUT ME  
SHE WON'T  
MIND PLAYIN'  
SECOND  
FIDDLE!

BUT BETTY...

SMACK!!

## MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

BOY! I GUESS  
THERE'LL BE  
LOTS OF CHEATIN'  
IN THAT GOLF  
GAME BETWEEN  
YOUR UNCLE PHIL  
AND HOULIHAN.  
MICKEY!

NO-THEY  
PROMISED  
TO PLAY FAIR.  
IT'S FOR  
THE CHAMPIONSHIP  
OF CLANCY'S  
TAVERN...

YEAH-MR.  
HOULIHAN IS  
WAY OVER IN  
THAT PATCH  
OF WOODS!

FINE-THAT'S  
ALL I WANT  
TO KNOW,  
SON!

NOW HE'S DOWN  
IN THAT DEEP  
TRAP ON THE  
RIGHT....

THEN  
HE'LL  
NEVER  
KNOW.



MR. HOULIHAN  
IS DOWN IN  
THAT BIG DITCH  
NOW-I CAN  
ONLY SEE  
HIS HEAD....

THEN IT WON'T  
HURT IF I  
THROW THE  
BALL OUT AND  
AWAY FROM  
THAT MARSH!

OKAY-HE  
STILL HASN'T  
COME UP  
OVER THE  
HILL....

THEN I'LL  
JUST MAKE  
THIS A LITTLE  
EASIER FOR  
MYSELF!

NOW HE'S AWAY OVER  
ON THAT  
OTHER  
FAIRWAY!

THAT'S FINE!  
I'LL TAKE MY  
BALL OUT  
FROM AMONG  
THEM  
ROCKS!



THERE GOES  
MR. HOULIHAN-  
AH...A BIT OF  
"HEEL WORK"  
DOWN INTO  
THE BUNKER  
TO OUR  
LEFT....

WELL...MAYBE  
IT HIT A TREE  
AN' BOUNCED  
BACK OUT!  
MR. FINN....

I'M SURE I  
SAW YOUR  
BALL GO IN  
THESE BUSHES,  
MR. FINN....

WELL...MAYBE  
IT HIT A TREE  
AN' BOUNCED  
BACK OUT!

PSSST.. MR. HOULIHAN'S  
CADDY IS  
LOOKIN' THIS  
WAY. DON'T  
MOVE THE  
BALL!

DON'T WORRY...  
I GAVE HIS  
CADDY A BUCK  
NOT TO SEE  
TOO MUCH...  
HA HA!!

WHAT??  
D'YA MEAN  
MR. HOULIHAN  
CHEATED  
TOO?

AN' HOW! WHY  
HE ONLY  
COUNTED  
HALF HIS  
STROKES!

GOSH, TOM--  
AND GOLF IS  
FOR GENTLE-  
AND UNCLE PHIL  
MEN LIKE  
US, PHIL!  
THEY BOTH HAD  
AN 82 SCORE!

YOU ARE  
RIGHT, MR.  
HOULIHAN!



WELL, HOULIHAN...  
OKAY. PUT  
THERE! THAT  
MAKES OUR  
SCORE A TIE!  
SO THE BETS  
ARE  
OFF!

OUR CLUBS  
IN THE CAR,  
BOYS!

JUNK!

# DUSTY DANE

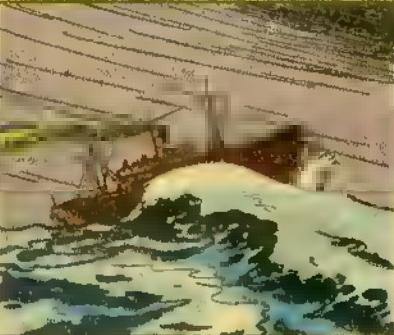
GENERAL YIN, A  
BOATLOAD OF ARMS  
WILL ATTEMPT TO RUN  
OUR ENEMY'S  
BLOCKADE INTO  
CHINA NEXT  
WEEK!

GOOD! WE  
NEED THAT  
WAR  
MATERIAL  
BADLY!

SOMEWHERE ON THE PACIFIC A  
STORM-BATTERED FREIGHTER  
WALLOWS THROUGH THE SWELLS

THAT BLASTED STORM  
SLOWED US UP. BUT WE  
MUST MAKE PORT  
BEFORE THE INVADER  
PATROL SPOTS US!

CAPTAIN  
GALT! SMALL  
BOAT TO  
STARBOARD!



OFF THEIR COURSE, DUSTY DANE  
AND BIG MIKE CARDIGAN ARE  
RIDING OUT THE STORM, WITH  
FOOD AND WATER ALMOST  
GONE...

LOOK, DUSTY!  
A SHIP!

YIPPEE!  
RUN  
UP OUR  
DISTRESS  
SIGNAL!

THE FREIGHTER  
LOOMS ALONGSIDE

AHOY!  
HEAVE US  
A LINE!

I'M CAPTAIN JOHN  
GALT.. AND YOU'LL  
WORK YOUR WAY  
ON THIS SHIP!

WAIT A MINUTE!  
THIS WAD WILL  
BUY OUR PASSAGE  
ON EVEN THE  
QUEEN MARY!



DEEP IN THE BOWELS OF THE  
SHIP, MIKE AND DUSTY ARE  
PUT TO WORK...



A HEAVY FOG BLANKETS THE SEA AS CAPTAIN GALT NEARS THE COAST OF CHINA...

NOW FER TH' DASH, CAP'N!

YEAH! TELL THEM MONKEYS IN THE STOKE HOLD T'HEAVE ON COAL!

FULL SPEED AHEAD

FULL SPEED AHEAD... AND WE'RE IN THE CHINA SEAS! I GOT IT.. GALT'S TRYING TO RUN THE INVADERS' BLOCKADE!

YEAH.. AN' IF WE'RE CAUGHT ON THIS SCOW IT'S CURTAINS FOR US!

WITH NO LIGHTS AND ENGINES POUNDING, CAPTAIN GALT DASHES FOR HIS PORT...

BUT THE DELICATE HYDROPHONES OF AN ENEMY SUBMARINE PICK UP THE SOUND OF THE ENGINES...

CAPTAIN !!

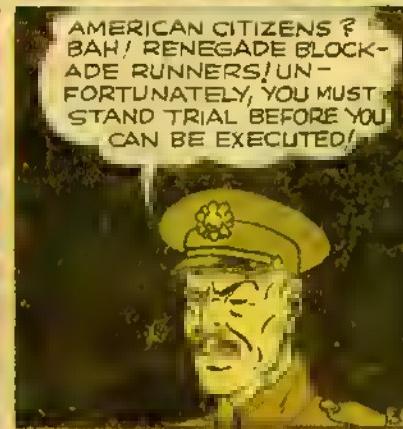
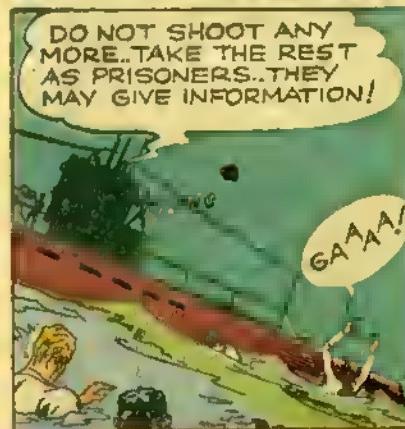
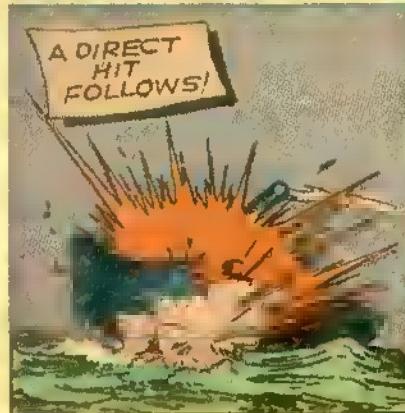
...AND SOON A SEARCHLIGHT STABS THE DARKNESS, REVEALING THE SHIP...

HEAVE TO... OR WE OPEN FIRE !!

THEY GOT US!

WE'RE GONNA MAKE A RUN FOR IT! I'M DELIVERIN' THESE ARMS, SO I CAN GET MY DOUGH!

THE FOOLS! THEY'VE SEALED THEIR OWN DOOM!



THE FREIGHTER POISES  
FOR ITS FATAL PLUNGE...  
THEN GOES UNDER, CREAT-  
ING A HUGE WAVE...



THE U-BOAT TIPS CRAZILY  
FROM THE WASH...



O.K.! UNLESS YOU  
WANT TO BE AN ANGEL,  
HEAD THIS SUB  
TOWARD SHORE!



MEANWHILE, CAPTAIN GALT  
BEACHES THE LAUNCH...



YOU'VE FAILED!  
AND EXPOSED  
OUR POSITION!

BUT, YIN...  
LISTEN...

MIKE, WE OUGHTA  
REACH SHORE NEARLY  
AS SOON AS GALT.  
AND WE'LL RUN IN  
HARD ENOUGH TO BEACH  
THIS PIG BOAT! YOU'RE  
COMIN' TOO, CAPTAIN!



THE CHINESE ARE ENRAGED  
OVER GALT'S FAILURE TO  
DELIVER THE MUNITIONS.



SUDDENLY A STRANGE TRIO  
DASH FROM THE SURF...



COME ON, MIKE!  
THERE'S ENOUGH  
FOR BOTH OF  
US!



SAVE GALT  
FOR ME,  
DUSTY!



NO  
BACK-  
TALK  
SOLDIER!

THERE! AN' I'LL MEET YA  
WITH A LEFT ON  
TH' REBOUND,  
GALT!



NOW, TELL THIS  
OFFICER THAT  
WE AIN'T  
REALLY A  
PART OF  
YOUR RATTY  
CREW... QUICK!

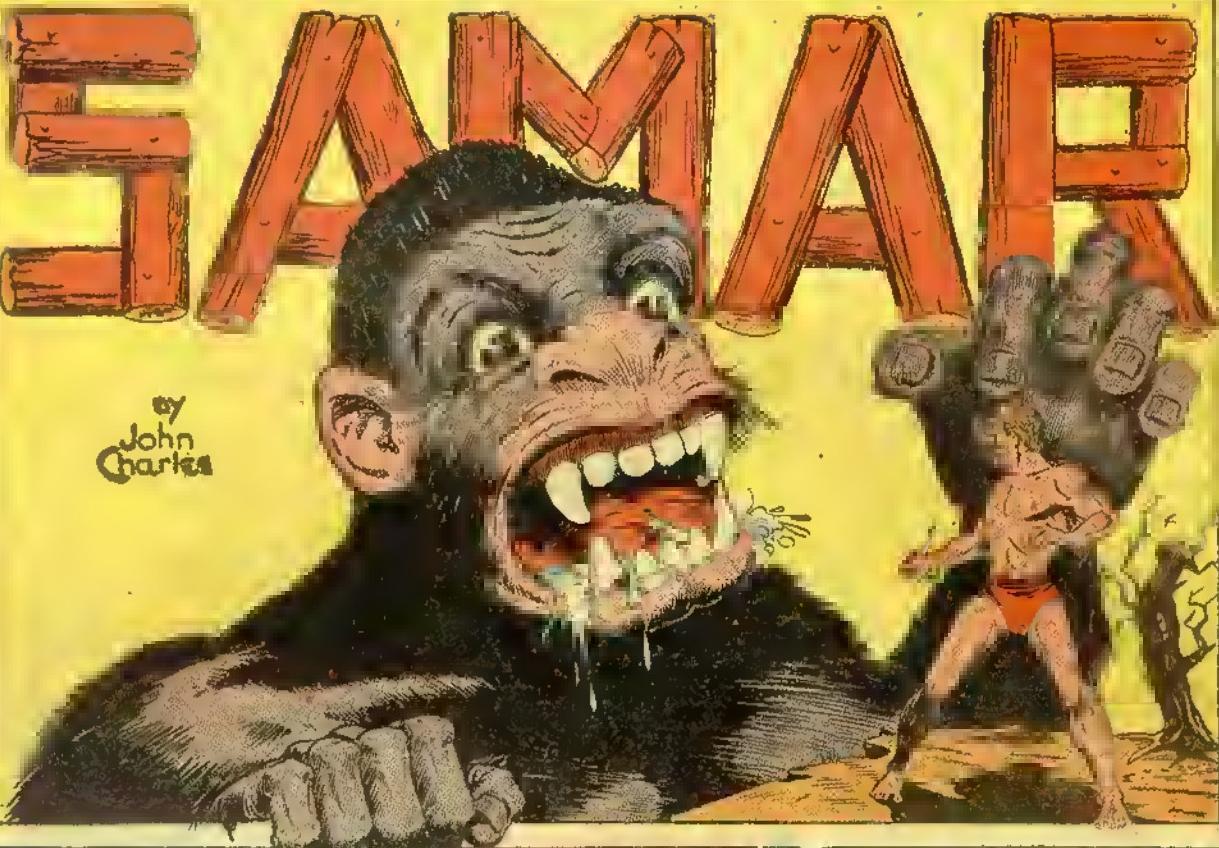


OKAY.OKAY!  
THA'S  
RIGHT!  
YOU GUYS  
WERE  
SHANGHAIED!



LATER...

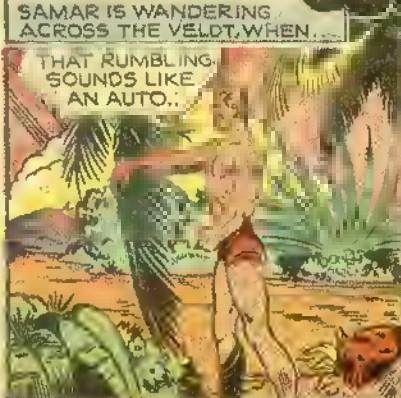
THANKS,  
CAP.-  
THERE  
MIGHT  
BE  
SOME  
EXCITEMENT  
IN  
SINGAPORE!



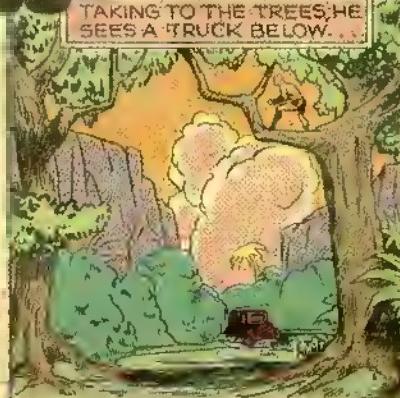
by  
John Charles

SAMAR IS WANDERING ACROSS THE VELDT, WHEN...

THAT RUMBLING SOUNDS LIKE AN AUTO...



TAKING TO THE TREES, HE SEES A TRUCK BELOW...

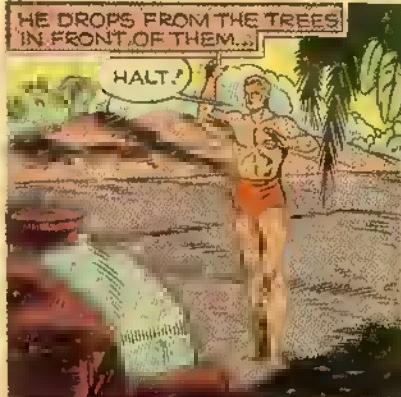


THEY'RE HEADING STRAIGHT TOWARDS THAT ANIMAL PIT! THEY'LL BE IMPALED ON THOSE SHARP STAKES!



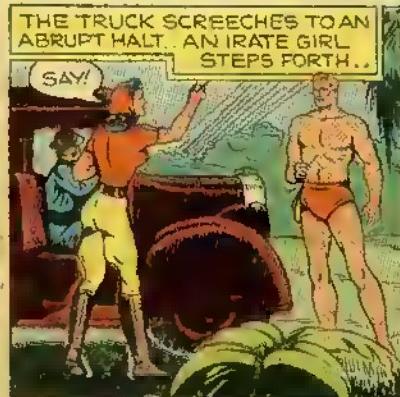
HE DROPS FROM THE TREES IN FRONT OF THEM...

HALT!



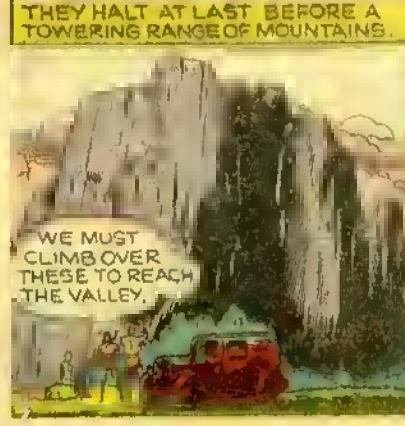
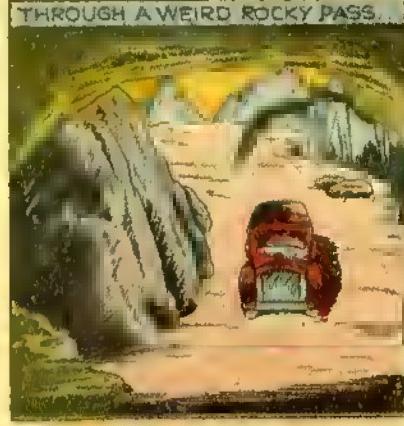
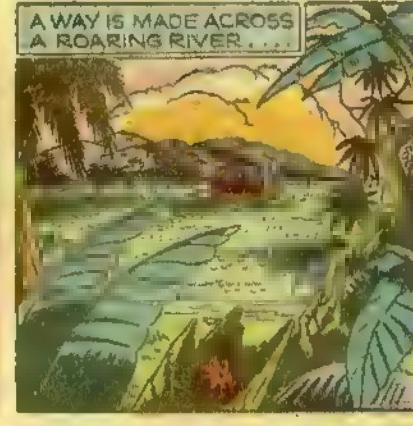
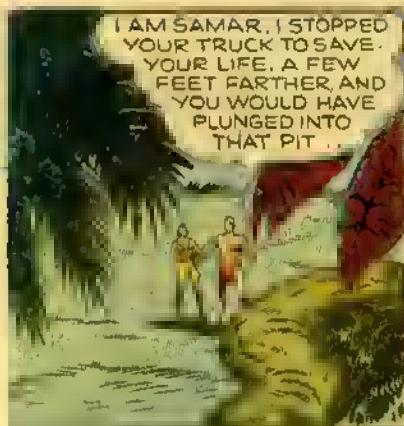
THE TRUCK SCREECHES TO AN ABRUPT HALT. AN IRATE GIRL STEPS FORTH...

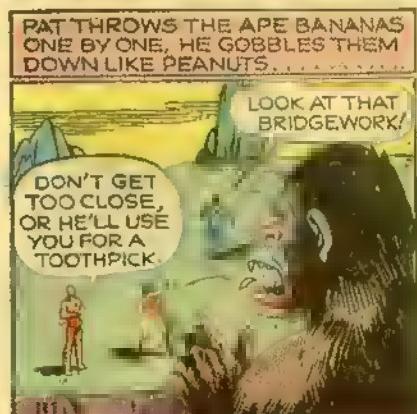
SAY!



WHAT'S THE IDEA, YOU BIG LUG? WE ALMOST RAN YOU DOWN!







THE NEXT MORNING . . .

WELL, SHALL WE START  
DOWN, SAMAR?

IF YOU  
HAVE YOUR  
CAMERA  
READY

BUCK, YOU STAY AND  
KEEP OUR BIG PAL  
COMPANY.

THEY START DOWN  
INTO THE VALLEY . . .

LOOK.  
THE APE'S  
PAW!

I THINK  
HE WANTS TO  
GIVE US A  
RIDE DOWN!

LET'S  
TRY IT!

THE GIANT DEPOSITS THEM  
GENTLY ON THE VALLEY'S FLOOR . . .

JUST LIKE AN  
ELEVATOR . . .

THEY STUMBLE UPON A HOME  
OF SABER TOOTH TIGERS . . .

BE CAREFUL, THE MOTHER MAY BE  
CLOSE BY. LOOK. AREN'T  
THEY CUTE? I'VE GOT TO GET  
SOME SHOTS OF THEM

THERE IS A BLOOD-CURDLING  
ROAR AS THE MOTHER TIGER  
SIGHTS THE INTRUDERS . . .

RUN,  
PAT!

AS THE BEAST SPRINGS, SAMAR  
DODGES AGILEY AND LEAPS ON  
HER BACK . . .

OVER AND OVER THEY ROLL AS  
SAMAR FIGHTS THE FIERCEST  
BATTLE IN HIS LIFE . . .



SAMAR LOSES HIS FOOTING  
AND IS ALMOST IMPALED ON  
THE BEAST'S SHARP TUSKS . . .

BUT HE REGAINS HIS HOLD AND  
PLUNGES HIS KNIFE DEEP INTO  
THE ANIMAL'S THROAT . . .

AND MODERN MAN RISES VICTORIOUS  
OVER PRE-HISTORIC BEAST . . .



AS THEY START TOWARD CAMP A  
HUGE MASTADON CHARGES THEM.



AS THE BEAST GAINS ON THEM,  
PAT SCREAMS IN TERROR...



THE HUGE APE, HEARING PAT SHRIEK, REALIZES HER DANGER.



DESPITE HIS INJURED LEG HE  
AMBLES FORTH TO DO BATTLE.



THE APE REACHES THE SCENE AS  
THE TUSKER IS ALMOST UPON THEM.



SEIZING THE MONSTER LIKE A  
TOY, HE SLAMS HIM TO THE GROUND.



THEN GRABBING THE MASTADON  
BY THE TAIL, HE SWINGS HIM OVER  
HIS HEAD AND INTO A LAKE . . .



THE GIANT PICKS THEM UP AND  
RETURNS THEM TO THEIR CAMP.



WAIT A MINUTE,  
MY CAMERA'S  
GONE!



WELL, I GUESS IT'S FOR  
THE BEST.. AS YOU SAY,  
THE VALLEY IS BETTER  
LEFT UNEXPLORED.



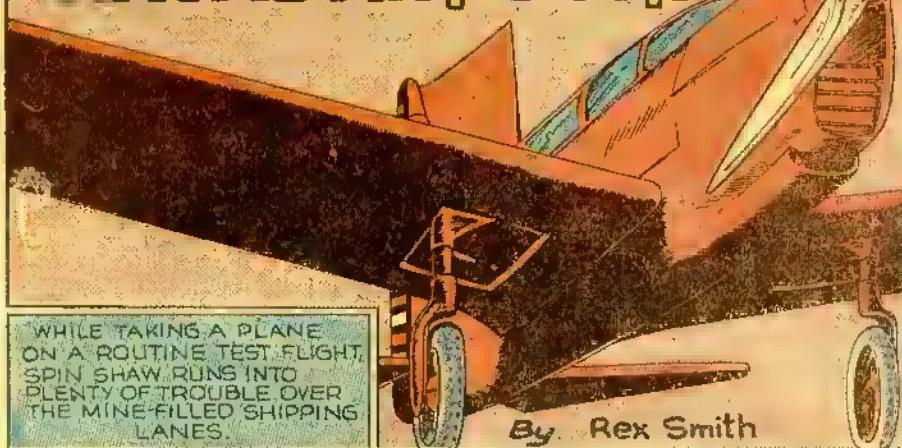
THEY BID FAREWELL TO THE HUGE  
APE AND DEPART DOWN THE MOUNTAIN.



More daring deeds of Samar in the January issue of FEATURE COMICS.

# SPIN SHAW

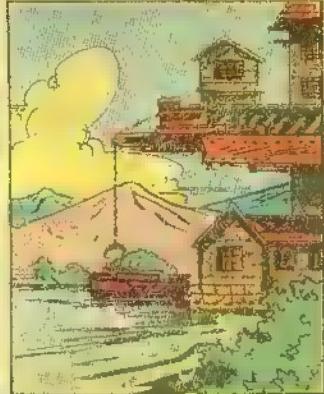
OF THE  
NAVAL AIR CORPS



"WHILE TAKING A PLANE ON A ROUTINE TEST FLIGHT, SPIN SHAW RUNS INTO PLENTY OF TROUBLE OVER THE MINE-FILLED SHIPPING LANES."

By Rex Smith

AT THE WESTERN NAVAL AIR BASE, HUGE CRANES BUZZ BUSILY . . .



"PEANUTS," GUNNER FOR CAPTAIN SHAW, SAUNTERS INTO THE ROOM.



SAY, CAPTAIN,  
THE SKIPPER  
WANTS TO  
SEE US  
RIGHT AWAY!



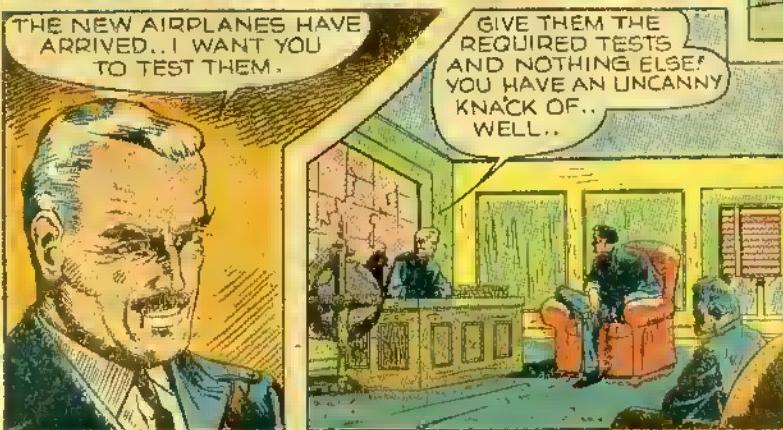
WHY, WHAT'S UP, PEANUTS?



THE "OLD MAN" SAID SOMETHING ABOUT TESTING SOME NEW PLANES.



AT HEADQUARTERS . . .



THE NEW AIRPLANES HAVE ARRIVED... I WANT YOU TO TEST THEM.

GIVE THEM THE REQUIRED TESTS AND NOTHING ELSE! YOU HAVE AN UNCANNY KNACK OF... WELL...

OF FINDING ADVENTURE ON SIMPLE ASSIGNMENTS. SO ON THIS HOP, STOP FOR NOTHING!

YES, SIR, I DON'T THINK ANYTHING WILL HAPPEN!



MAJOR GRAVES WALKS  
WITH THEM TO THE NEW  
FIGHTERS

SWEET LOOKING  
JOB, EH, PEANUTS?



SPIN AND PEANUTS CLIMB  
INTO THE LEAD PLANE . . .

NOW REMEMBER,  
CAPTAIN, COME  
STRAIGHT  
BACK.. GOOD  
LUCK!

THANK  
YOU,  
SIR!



SPIN LEADS THE FLEET OF  
THREE INTO THE AIR . . .



HOW DO YOU  
LIKE HER,  
PEANUTS ?

SHE'S  
A DREAM, CAP!  
A DREAM!

THEIR COURSE TAKES THEM  
SOUTHWARD OVER THE  
PACIFIC . . .



HUGE MINES  
ARE BEING  
FLOATED.

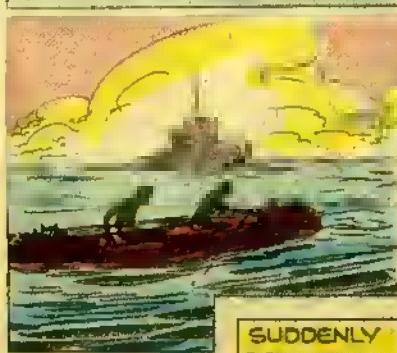


PEANUTS EXAMINES  
THE NEW GUNS . . .

BOY! I'D LOVE TO  
TRY THIS ON A  
REAL  
TARGET!



MEANWHILE, DIRECTLY IN THE  
SHIPPING LANE, TWO MEN  
CAUTIOUSLY ROW AWAY  
FROM A GUNBOAT . . .



THEIR LEADER  
SPEAKS . . .



SUDDENLY  
SPIN SHAW  
SEES THE  
OPERATIONS

WHAT  
TH?!

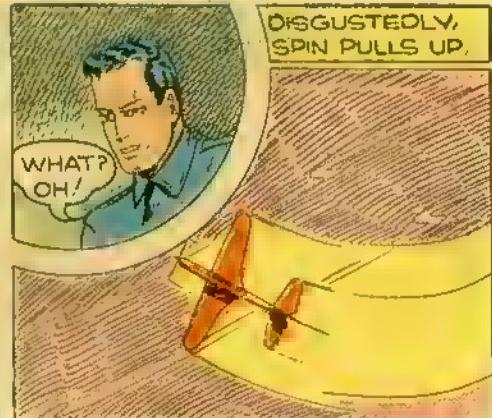
SIGNALLING THE OTHERS TO RETURN TO THE BASE, SPIN WHIPS INTO A ONE . . .



BUT PEANUTS TAKES A HAND.



DISGUSTEDLY, SPIN PULLS UP.



AND HEADS FOR HOME . . .



HE ENTERS THE MAJOR'S QUARTERS . . .



SHAW EXPLAINS . . .



I NEVER SAW IT FAIL TO HAPPEN! YOU FOUND TROUBLE AGAIN! ALL RIGHT, BLAST THOSE MINES FROM THE WATERS!



THAT GUNBOAT IS NO DOUBT GONE BY NOW, BUT IF IT HASN'T, DON'T START ANYTHING!



SPIN LEAVES THE BUILDING ON THE RUN . . .



HOT DOG! ACTION!



AGAIN SPIN SHAW TAKES OFF . . .



THE GUNBOAT IS LEAVING AS SHAW REACHES THE FLOATING MINES . . .



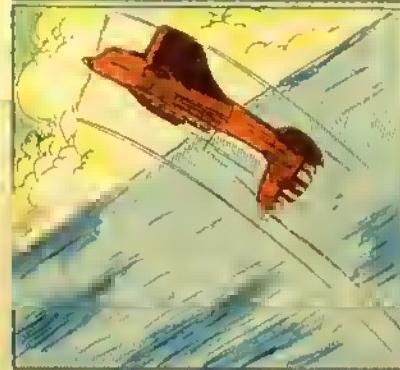
SPIN AND PEANUTS  
GO AFTER THE MINES.



ONE AFTER ANOTHER,  
THEY ARE EXPLODED.



CAREFULLY THEY SEARCH THE  
SURFACE OF THE OCEAN.



THE SHIPPING LANE IS SOON  
CLEARED OF THE DEADLY MINES.



THAT'S THE  
LAST ONE,  
SPIN!



SPIN GETS IN TOUCH WITH  
MAJOR GRAVES.



AS HE TALKS, SPIN  
FIGHTS FOR ALTITUDE.



BAH! FIGHT!  
ORDERLY GET  
MY PLANE OUT



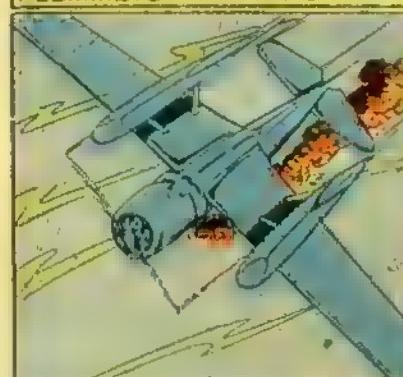
MEANWHILE, SPIN  
ENGAGES THE TWO  
PLANES.



SEIZING HIS  
CHANCE,  
PEANUTS  
SENDS IN A  
DEADLY VOLLEY  
TO AN ENEMY  
PLANE.



AFIRE, THE MYSTERY PLANE  
PLUMMETS DOWNWARD.



SPIN BANKS TOWARD THE  
SECOND PLANE.



THROTTLE WIDE OPEN, THE  
UNKNOWN PILOT HEADS FOR  
THE CLOUDS.



QUICKLY SPIN COMES WITHIN FIRING RANGE.



PEANUTS RAKES THE SHIP WITH BULLETS.



THE SECOND PLANE GOES DOWN IN FLAMES.



A SHORT TIME LATER SPIN REACHES THE BASE.



SPIN! YOU ALL RIGHT? AH, ER COME INTO MY OFFICE, CAPTAIN, AND MAKE YOUR REPORT!



TO PEANUTS WAITING OUTSIDE, THE SILENCE IS OMINOUS. SUDDENLY SPIN SHAW COMES OUT.



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# Lala Palooza

GOOD NEIGHBOR POLICY

HM-A DROP OF RAIN-I HOPE IT DON'T SPOIL THE TRAP SHOOTING MEET THAT MY CLUB IS HAVING TODAY!

WELL, CARTERET-MAYBE YOU DON'T THINK I'M ATTRACTIVE ANYMORE, EH? WELL JUST LOOK AT VINCENT PALOOZA WAVING AN' FLIRTIN' WITH ME!

I'LL MAKE CARTERET JEALOUS-I'LL FLIRT RIGHT BACK AT MISTER PALOOZA!

GOOD NIGHT! HAS MRS. MCSHULTZ GONE BATTY? SHE'S FLIRTING WITH ME UNDER THE VERY NOSE OF HER HUSBAND!

I GUESS ALL WOMEN ARE SLIGHTLY BALMY-I'M GOING SHOOTING!

WILL YOU DROP THESE FLOWERS OVER TO MRS. MCSHULTZ-  
NOT MRS. MCSHULTZ- PLEASE, LALA!

NOW LOOK-HERE HE COMES WITH BOUQUETS FOR ME AND BULLETS FOR YOU!

ARE YOU GONNA LET HIM KILL YOU AND CARRY ME OFF?  
I'LL SAY I AINT-WHERE'S MY LODGE SWORD?

RETREAT, YOU FAT HOME WRECKER-OR I'LL SPEAR YA LIKE AN ANCHOVIE!

AND YOU'D BETTER DROP THAT BOUQUET TOO-UNLESS Y'WANT IT FOR A FUNERAL WREATH!

CARTERET MCSHULTZ, I'M PROUD OF YOU!

ONLY YOU, VINCENT-ONLY YOU CAN GO OUT SHOOTING AND COME BACK WITH STAB WOUNDS!



# Lala Palooza

THE GIRL  
NEXT DOOR

WELL—if it isn't VINCENT,  
FROM NEXT DOOR!

H'LO,  
MY SISTER  
WANTS TO  
BORROW A  
LITTLE  
BUTTER!

HOW NICE OF YOU TO COME  
OVER, VINCENT—YOU MUST  
KNOW HOW  
I ADMIRE  
YOU—

YOU MUTTER ABOUT  
BUTTER—CAN'T YOU  
SEE I LOVE YOU,  
VINCENT  
PALOOZA?

LET US DANCE, VINCENT—  
DANCE TO THE RHYTHM OF  
OUR THROBBING  
ROMANCE!

WHOSE  
?

HOLD ME IN  
YOUR STRONG  
ARMS, WHILE  
YOU TELL  
ME OF YOUR  
LOVE FOR  
ME!

I WILL NOT  
LEMME GO,  
DAWGONE  
YA!

AHEM

EEEKK!  
IT'S SCARPUSS  
SPOTOLI—  
MY  
FIANCÉE!

I'LL  
BET YOU  
I DON'T  
FEEL  
GOOD!

WELL, IF Y'LOVE THIS  
BLOATED BUTTER  
BORROWER,  
HE CAN HAVE  
YA!

AN' UUST T'MAKE  
SURE HE GETS  
YOU—I'M GOIN'  
TO TH' WEDDIN'!

C'MON,  
VINCENT!

marriage  
Licenses.

POP

HELP!

NEXT  
DOOR

VINCENT, VINCENT!  
WAKE UP! SOME-  
BODY IS SCREAMING  
NEXT DOOR—

ANYTHING  
WRONG—  
CAN I  
HELP?

YES—  
GO BACK  
TO BED,  
YOU FAT  
NIGHTMARE

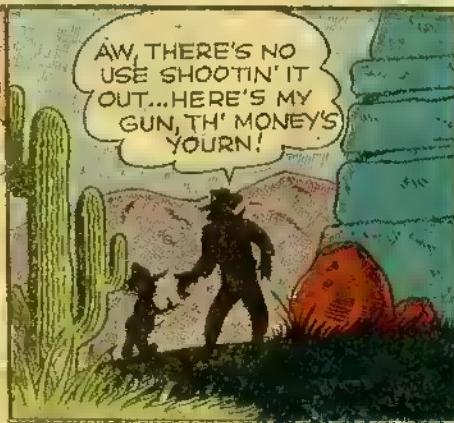
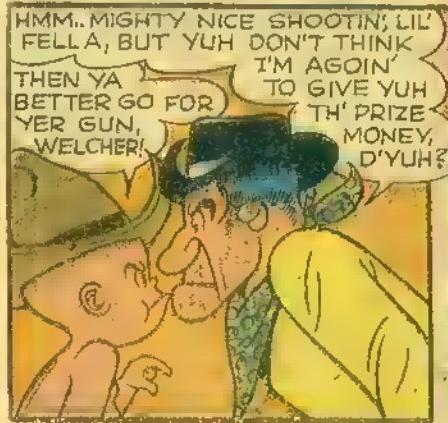
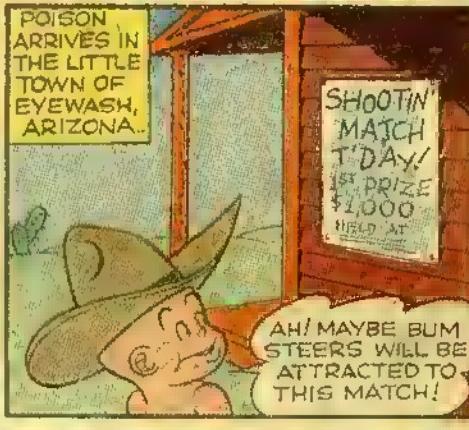
# POISON IVY

THE MIGHTY MITE

BY GILL FOX

1½ GUN BUM STEERS, THE LAST OF THE OLD WILD WEST BANDITS, ESCAPED LAST NIGHT FROM THE WESTERN PRISON AFTER SERVING 35 YEARS OF A LIFE SENTENCE!

GEE, A WILD WEST BANDIT



... AND HANDING OVER HIS BIG GUN, STEERS SHOOTS A SMALL ONE!

STEERS BEGINS  
TO CLIMB THE  
MOUNTAIN..

SAY! THAT  
KID IS  
FOLLOWIN'  
ME!  
I'LL FIX  
'IM!

THIS OLD INDIAN  
TRICK ALWAYS  
FOOLS 'EM!

AH! A  
BRANCH TO  
BOOST  
MYSELF UP!

HA-HA-HO! SO  
LONG, PEST!

UGH! STRANGE  
WAY FOR WHITE  
TRASH TO VISIT  
FLATFEET  
TRIBE!

SO, MY FRIENDS THE  
INDIANS CAUGHT  
YOU, EH, HEH, HEH!

THE INDIANS WANT  
A PRISONER AND TIE HIM UP...

HMM.. A WELL AN'  
A WIGWAM, EH?...  
YEAH... BUT I  
GOTTA BREAK  
THESE ROPES FIRST

POISON  
BREAKS  
HIS  
BONDS  
AND  
BECOMES  
A  
HURRICANE  
OF  
ACTIVITY.  
THEN  
SUDDENLY  
HE  
SHOUTS.

HEY, INDIANS! LOOK..  
LOOK... I'VE ESCAPED.  
KETCH ME!

AH! STEERS  
IS TH' LAST  
ONE IN!

I'LL KETCH  
TH' BRAT!

AND THE INDIANS CHASE  
POISON INTO THE WIGWAM

BUM STEERS  
ALSO DIVES  
INTO THE  
TENT  
AFTER  
POISON..

WELL, I GUESS  
THAT DOES  
TH' TRICK!

HA! YA NEVER  
THOUGHT THIS WIGWAM  
WAS OVER A WELL, DID  
YUH?.. D'YA GIVE UP?

OKAY! ONLY  
GET ME OUTA  
HERE, I'M  
STANDIN' ON TH'  
CHIEF, AND HE  
CAN'T HOLD HIS  
BREATH MUCH

# ZERO

## Ghost Detective

BY  
Noel  
Fowler

A HAUNTED NIGHT CLUB.  
PHANTOMS IN THE MIDST  
OF SOPHISTICATED  
REVELRY. ONLY ZERO  
CAN SOLVE THE MYSTERY  
OF THE SKYSCRAPER  
SPIRITS!



THE MOON GLOW ROOM, ATOP THE BELLE PLAZA HOTEL.



THE MASTER OF CEREMONIES  
TAKES THE FLOOR

TONIGHT WE INTRODUCE  
THAT LOVELY SINGER....

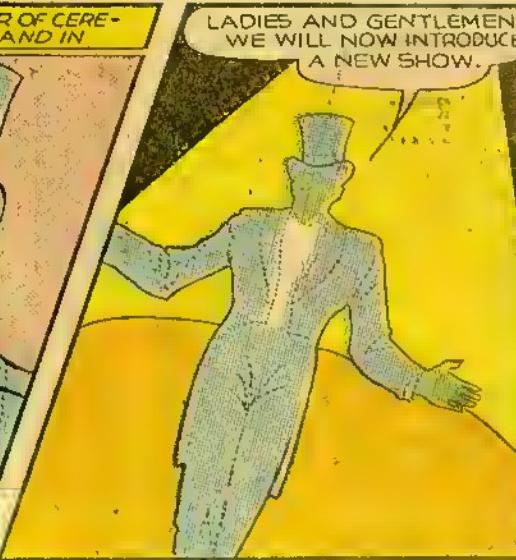


AS  
HE  
SPEAKS,  
A GHOSTLY  
FIGURE  
ATTIRED IN TOP  
HAT AND TAILS, RISES

GRADUALLY THE MASTER OF CEREMONIES DISAPPEARS, AND IN HIS PLACE STANDS THE GHOST.



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE WILL NOW INTRODUCE A NEW SHOW.



NEVER BEFORE HAS ANY NIGHT CLUB PRESENTED A PERFORMANCE OF THIS SORT! PERMIT ME TO INTRODUCE THE GHOST SHOW!



BEHIND THE CURTAIN STANDS THE STARTLED FIGURE OF THE MANAGER.



BACK IN HIS LABORATORY THE FAMOUS GHOST DETECTIVE, ZERO, CONDUCTS AN EXPERIMENT.



AND NIGHT AFTER NIGHT CROWDS FLOCK TO THE MOON GLOW ROOM TO SEE THE NEW SHOW.



THE MANAGER IS STILL IN A DAZE AS TO THE SOURCE OF THE SENSATIONAL SHOW.



STOP WORRYING, JOE. I'M YOUR PRESS AGENT, AND I SAY YOU'VE GOT THE GREATEST SHOW IN THE WORLD RIGHT HERE. WHAT DO YOU CARE WHERE IT'S FROM? IT DON'T COST YOU A CENT!



AT THE HOME OF ZERO,  
SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER.

THE PAPERS ARE  
SIMPLY RAVING  
ABOUT IT. LET'S  
GO TONIGHT, SHALL  
WE?

I GUESS I'LL HAVE  
NO PEACE UNTIL  
I SEE THIS GHOST  
SHOW!

IN ANOTHER APARTMENT,  
SITUATED AT THE NORTH  
END OF RIVERSIDE DRIVE...



TOMMY MANNERS, WEALTHY  
PLAYBOY, IS DRESSING...



BRING ME A SILK POCKET  
HANDKERCHIEF JEEVES.  
I MUST LOOK MY  
BEST TONIGHT.



AT A CENTER TABLE ZERO  
WATCHES THE GHOSTS PERFORM



IN THE MANAGER'S OFFICE,  
ZERO PRESENTS HIM WITH  
A STARTLING FACT.

AN AMAZING SHOW  
..EVEN IF YOU HAD  
NOTHING TO DO  
WITH IT!

W-WHAT DO  
YOU MEAN?

YOUR PERFORMERS HAPPEN TO BE  
REAL, LIVE GHOSTS. IT'S DANGEROUS  
TO LET THE SHOW CONTINUE, BUT  
TO AVERT A PANIC, I'LL LET THE  
SHOW GO ON TONIGHT.

WHAT?!...I HAD  
A QUEER  
FEELING ABOUT  
THIS ALL  
ALONG!

SUDDENLY FROM  
THE MOON GLOW  
ROOM, A HORRIBLE  
SHRIEK COMES  
FROM PLAYBOY  
TOMMY MANNERS.



TOMMY CONTINUES SHOUTING  
AS HE IS PURSUED BY A  
GHOST. ZERO FOLLOWS  
CLOSELY.



THROUGH THE ARCHED DOOR-  
WAY HE CONTINUES TO RUN..



WITH ZERO STILL IN PURSUIT,  
TOMMY CRASHES THROUGH  
THE OUTER PORCH WINDOW.



FINALLY ZERO CATCHES UP  
WITH TOMMY.



RESTRAINING TOMMY FROM  
LEAPING OVER THE SIDE,  
ZERO SEES THE GHOST  
APPROACHING.



DRAWING A MIRROR WITH A  
CROSS MARKED ON IT, ZERO  
FLASHES IT AT THE GHOST.



THE MIRROR HAS ITS EFFECT  
THE GHOST DRAWS BACK IN  
HORROR, AS ZERO ORDERS  
BOTH BACK INTO THE ROOM.



THE GHOST RELATED HIS HISTORY

MY BROTHER, TOMMY  
MANNERS, MURDERED  
ME SO HE COULD COLLECT  
MY FORTUNE. I KNEW  
THAT AS A PLAYBOY, HE'D  
BE FASCINATED BY ANY  
NEW SENSATION.. SO  
WITH THE AID OF MY  
FELLOW GHOSTS, WE  
DECIDED TO BRING THE  
GHOST SHOW TO THE  
MOON GLOW ROOM.

AT THAT MOMENT THE GHOST  
SPRINGS UPON TOMMY,  
AND STRANGLES HIM.



ZERO DOESN'T NOTICE THE  
OTHER GHOSTS STEAL UP  
BEHIND HIM.



SUDDENLY THEY GRAB HIM,  
FORCING HIM TO DROP HIS  
MIRROR.



UNDER THE EFFECT OF  
THE SULPHUR, THE  
GHOSTS VANISH.



THE AUDIENCE THINKING THIS PART OF  
THE SHOW, APPLAUD. . . .



AND THIS, FOLKS,  
IS THE FINAL  
PERFORMANCE  
OF THE GHOST  
SHOW!



THE DEMON OF  
DESTRUCTION

# Captain Bruce Blackburn COUNTERSPY

BY  
HARRY  
FRANCIS  
CAMPOELL

CAPTAIN BRUCE BLACKBURN,  
ACE OF THE ARMY INTELLIGENCE, IS OFFICIALLY  
DEAD, SO IS HIS "DOUBLE", LIEUTENANT JACKSON.  
NOW BRUCE, AS "BLACK", IS A MEMBER  
OF THE "UN-AMERICAN BAND".

TO ANYONE LISTENING, THESE 2  
MEN SEEM RABID MEMBERS OF  
THE ANTI-AMERICAN BAND ~

IN NEW YORK, PEOPLE  
LIKE FLIES SHALL  
DIE, FRIEND BLACK! GOOD!

YET, ONE MAN IS BRUCE  
BLACKBURN, CAPTAIN IN THE  
U.S. MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

AND ZORN, HOW DO WE KILL  
THESE FOOLS?

I DO NOT  
KNOW...  
LATER WE~

ZORN! LOOK!  
UP THERE!

BLACK!  
WHAT  
IS IT?

YEOW!

A BOY!  
YOU'RE RIGHT!  
BUT~ HIS.. HIS  
CLOTHES!

AND, SWOOPING DOWN FROM  
A BUILDING TOP ON A ROPE  
AND PULLEY, IS A BOY IN  
STRANGE ARRAY...

HI-HO! I'M  
COLOSSAL GUY!

A GAME! AM I CRAZY?

LOOK, ZORN! HEAVENS!  
THE ROPE! IT'S FRAYING!

AND ON THE BUILDING TOP,  
A SHARP METAL EDGE  
SAWS AT THE SWAYING ROPE.

HE'LL BE NOT IF I ~  
KILLED!

~CAN HELP IT!





IF YOU CANNOT MEET THE PAYMENTS, PLEASE WIRE ME I WILL SURELY BE IN A POSITION TO VISIT NEW YORK SOON. WHERE ARE THE SOLAR ECLIPSE PIX? GET HOTEL ROOM FOR ME, 5 PM.

BRUCE

MEET ME IN NEW YORK HOTEL 5 PM ~ EVERY 5TH WORD EH?

BRUCE

JACKSON DECODES...

A MOST UNUSUAL COSTUME, SIR! ARE YOU GOING TO A COMIC CHARACTER PARTY?



LATER, AT THE DESERTED "BAND" CAMP.....



WE GO THRU WITH PLAN "H" TONIGHT. THREE MEN WILL GO, BLACK, ZORN, ADDER!



THE NEXT DAY

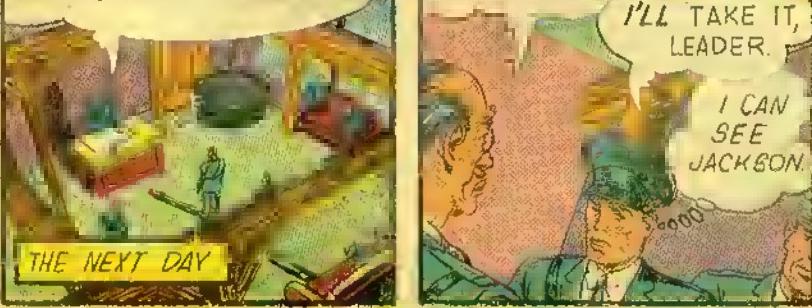
THIS BLACK RUBBER SHOCK CABLE SHOULD DO THE TRICK!



ON THE ROOF OF A "BAND" BUILDING



NOW, ONE OF YOU MUST TAKE THIS MESSAGE TO NEW YORK!



THE NEXT DAY

WHILE BRUCE'S DOUBLE FLIES TO NEW YORK~

NEXT DAY



THAT NIGHT, AT THE SOLAR HOTEL

I TELL YOU, JACKSON, THEY'RE ALL SUPERSTITIOUS. THEY'LL FALL FOR MY "DESTROYING DEVIL" STUNT!



SOUNDS CRAZY, BRUCE!



WHAT DO YOU THINK, JACKSON?

IT EVEN STARTLED ME!

AND PULLS BRUCE BACK TO THE ROOF



THAT NIGHT, BRUCE, IN COSTUME,  
HIDES IN THE BAND CAMP

BLACK, ZORN, ADDER ~ NOW IN  
THIS CAR WE GO TO THE  
RESERVOIR!

AS THE CAR PASSES, BRUCE  
LEAPS, AND CLINGS TO  
THE TRUNK RACK...

HOPE WE GET THERE SOON.  
CAN'T HOLD ON MUCH  
LONGER!

AS THE CAR SWERVES FROM  
THE PAVEMENT TO THE  
RUTTED RESERVOIR ROAD~

THE CYANIDE  
WILL  
KILL THEM  
ALL!  
CYANIDE!  
GREAT GUNS!

STOP! I COMMAND IT!

A DEVIL! SHOOT HIM!  
TAKE THAT!

BUT THE BULLETS GLANCE  
HARMLESSLY OFF OF BRUCE'S  
BULLET-PROOF VEST!

BRUCE SCOOPS UP A GUN~

DIE, DEV~UGH!



AS THEY ARE ABOUT TO  
POISON THE WATER...

BULLETS DON'T  
HARM HIM!!  
NOT  
SO  
FAST!



SORRY, JACKSON ~ THIS  
HAS TO LOOK GOOD!



THAT CYANIDE WON'T DO ANY DAMAGE DOWN THERE!



BRUCE DRIVES THE BAND'S CAR BACK TO CAMP



NOW FOR MY DEMONSTRATION  
I'LL ATTACH MY RUBBER CABLE!



DEMON-BAH! IT IS A TRAITOR! AND THE ONLY MEMBER NOT ABLE TO ACCOUNT FOR HIS TIME ~



-IS OTTO SCHMIDT. YOU KNOW THE PENALTY, SCHMIDT!



THEY WON'T MURDER HIM IF I CAN HELP IT!



THE DESTROYING DEMON~



-STRIKES!



BRUCE SEIZES SCHMIDT, AND IS SNAPPED TO THE ROOF....

AN HOUR LATER . . . .

THAT GANG'S POISON!  
LET 'EM ALONE,  
SCHMIDT!

I WON'T  
FORGET  
THIS!



COLONEL JORDAN, THIS IS BRUCE! WE JUST FOILED PLOT TO POISON THE NEW YORK WATER SUPPLY! HAVE ALL RESERVOIRS GUARDED! AND COLONEL ~ ~

AND IN ANOTHER HOUR . . . .

-IF YOU HEAR WILD STORIES ABOUT A SUPER-DEMON FIGHTING THE BAND, PAY NO ATTENTION! IT'S ME!



# BIG TOP

THE HUMAN BULLET



# BIG TOP

WHAT'S THE  
MATTER,  
BUTCH?

AW, I'M GAGA'  
ABOUT BRENDA  
THE BAREBACK  
RIDER, BUT SHE  
DON'T EVEN  
KNOW I'M ALIVE!

WELL, CHEER  
UP-'CAUSE  
I KNOW SHE  
LIKES YOU—  
I HEARD  
HER SAY  
SO!

Y'DID?  
OH MY  
GOSH!  
HONEST?  
YAIN'T KIDDIN'  
GEE WHIZ!

AN' WILL Y'GO  
T'DINNER WITH  
ME, BRENDA-HUH.  
WILL YA?

OH, I'D  
LOVE TO,  
BUTCH!



-AN' MAYBE  
I CAN BE  
YOUR FELLA  
MAYBE,  
HUH?

OH BUTCH.  
YOU'RE SO  
CUTE!

OH BOY! SHE THINKS  
I'M CUTE!

WELL, IF SHE CAN GO FOR  
ME IN THAT CLOWN  
OUTFIT—SHE'LL  
SWOON WHEN  
SHE SEES ME  
DRESSED  
UP!



REMEMBER,  
TAKE  
CARE  
OF  
THAT  
SUIT!

YEAH.  
SURE,  
BOSS!

WHAT IN TH'-?  
BUTCH!  
IS THAT  
YOU?

HA HA HA HO HO HO!  
OH, BUTCH—  
FORGIVE ME—  
HA HA!



BUT YOU LOOK SO FUNNY  
WITHOUT YOUR  
MAKEUP!

EXCUSE  
ME—I'LL  
SEE YOU  
LATER!

WELL, IF  
SHE—  
BANGS  
BROS.  
MAKEUP W

-WANTS ME  
IN MAKEUP—





Ferguson, chief of the Catalina Junior Divers, tapped the scarred top of his desk and frowned.

"Boys," he said, "we're in a spot. Either we've got to find out what killed these chaps, or fold the outfit. In fact, the Coast Guard has given those orders already."

"But we're hardly under way!" exclaimed Bat Forbes, one of the members of the unique diving organization. "If we give up now—"

"I haven't said we're going to give up," interposed Ferguson quietly. "It's only that we can't go on having men killed under water by—whatever it is."

Hap Hanson, youngest of the outfit, piped up with, "We'll find out—even if we never salvage the *Katy D.* Why can't we—"

Ferguson halted him. "There's just a chance," he stated, "that

we'll solve the mystery tomorrow. I've asked Perry Scott, a marine specialist, to sail with us. If anyone can crack the puzzle, he can."

Perry Scott came aboard the amateur divers' small sloop just before sailing time next morning. Most of the youths had heard of young Scott's daring exploits in nautical crime solution all over the world. Now he was going to pit his super cunning against an under-sea killer that had everybody baffled and which had taken the lives of three robust youths in two weeks. Would Scott be successful?

They didn't cast off immediately and Perry looked quizzically at Ferguson. "Have to wait for the harbor pilot," he informed him. "Ah, there he comes now."

A dinghy was being towed rapidly across the calm water of the bay, and in a moment a thick-set man climbed aboard, nodding indifferently to the crew. "Heave away!" he sang out.

It was an hour's sail to the point around the Isthmus where the *Katy D.* reposed on the muddy sea bottom. They dropped anchor and pulled down the sheets. Hannason, in charge of the diving gear, got things ready for the first trip below. There was some banter—rather serious—as Colby, who had drawn first dive, slipped his head into the makeshift helmet. Johnson manned the air pump. Then Colby slipped overside and disappeared.

The water is remarkably clear around Catalina Island. One can see bottom clearly even at thirty feet. A forest of weed hid the half-buried hulk of the *Katy D.* They saw Colby touch bottom and begin making his way toward the wreck, his feet stirring up plumes of mud-smoke which presently obliterated him from view.

Perry Scott watched intently the movements below. Then Colby signalled to be pulled up.

"All quiet down there," he re-

ported. "The others have cut almost through the weed; I think a half hour's chopping will do the trick . . . who's turn now?"

"Mine." Hap Hanson stepped forward and began rubbing grease on his face preparatory to slipping the odd helmet on.

The mud-smoke had risen close to the surface, still shrouding the bottom, but by now the area immediately below the mud-smoke would be glass clear. Hap searched through the gear a moment. "Wonder where my gloves are?" he said.

"Take mine, Hap," said Hackett the harbor pilot. He held out a pair of white leather gloves. The youth was reaching for them when Colby, tansacking the gear box, said, "Here's yours, Hap," and handed over the missing gauntlets.

Perry wondered a bit about that offer of gloves from the surly pilot. He imagined he had read a strange look in the man's narrow-



set eyes; but he could have been mistaken.

Hap stayed down a good half hour. When he came up he said, "Well, I hacked through to the wheel house. Air was getting a bit stale." To Ferguson he said, "I'm not certain but I thought I saw something down there, just a quick flash, then it was gone. Shark I'd say."

Ferguson shook his head. "Never heard of one around here. Of course—"

"How about a manta?" said Perry.

"Not the right shape," Hap informed him. "This chap was long, narrow—might have been a seal."

It was Johnson's turn. Before he had dipped into the grease pot, however, Perry Scott stepped forward. "Let me do this trick," he

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said. To the pilot he said: "Mind if I borrow those gloves? I have a bandaged thumb, and I'm afraid the other chaps' mitts will be too small."

Hackett handed the white gauntlets over, but there was a momentary reluctance in the act. Perry slipped his hands into them and stepped overside.

"Almost forgot," he said to himself. He made his way back to the spot where he had first touched bottom, then struck off to the left a few paces. Presently he came to a small black box on a tripod. He made a few adjustments, snapped a switch, and saluted the machine with a jaunty wave of the hand. He backed away, keeping in line with the single eye of the thing grinding away in front of him.



Ten feet off he halted and began waving his hands.

There was a sudden commotion a few fathoms to his right. The water churned and swirled and he could feel the agitation. Then a great dark shape shot out of the heaving water on his right, and torpedoed toward him. With one motion he jerked the gloves off and backed away. The gloves remained directly in front of him, not sinking, and as he backed off they followed; drawn by the suction of his motion.

"Hm!" he said, "didn't foresee this one. Gotta make it snappy." He practically leaped backward. As he did so the monstrous thing struck. A vast mouth gulped the gloves, then the creature was gone, in a swirling arc.

Once more on board, Perry reported that he had lost the gloves, but that he intended to go down again. "I think I found something," he told Ferguson.

"What?" asked the chief, interestedly.

"Don't know yet." He hurried to the wheel house and rummaged through his gear. He came out on deck with a strange looking weapon. "Sub-sea rifle," he told the crew. Then he slipped on the helmet and went over the side, this time without any gloves.

A moment later there was a swirl and the great shape darted toward him. He tossed the gloves away from him and grasped the rifle firmly. When the beast shot down for the gloves, he fired ten rounds of explosive billets into its dark body. Blood spurted, turning the sea red for a moment.

When the water had cleared, he approached the inert body of the creature. It was a huge barracuda, tiger of the sea, man killer!

He went back to the black box, shut it off, and gathered it up. Then he signalled to be lifted.

Wide eyes greeted him on deck. They had all seen the blood; thought he had been attacked. Perry shook his head, grinning. "But I've found your killer," he stated. "He's lying down there now. He can't get away. This little box," he explained, "is an undersea camera; it got quite a movie of everything that happened down there."

"Look out!" Johnson cried. But young Hanson had been too quick. With a short-arm jab he knocked Hackett to the deck. The pilot had a snub-nosed automatic in his hand.

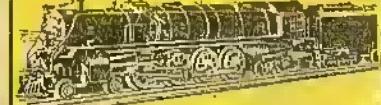
Perry grinned. "He's the one," he said. "Been checking on him for some time. Works for a big salvage outfit in Pedro; they've been wanting to chase you guys off because there's a lot of gold aboard the *Katy D*. You probably didn't know that."

Ferguson shook his head excitedly. "Of course not. We thought it contained only some good diving gear."

"Uh-huh," said Perry. "Well, I checked on all this a week ago. Got the low-down on Hackett. When you see this film you'll have the complete story. The day be-

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fore yesterday I came out here and set up this camera so it would be ready for the job. I think that job is filled."

"Yes—but—" Ferguson was fumbling. "You say barracuda. But I can't understand. A barracuda wouldn't hang around hours at a time, waiting, as it were—"

"No," replied Perry Scott. "It wouldn't—unless it couldn't get away. You see, Hackett and his mob had somehow captured the 'cuda. They had him anchored down there with a heavy chain around the neck. Clever, I'd say!"

"But why," Ferguson demanded, "did the thing attack only three of the gang?"

"That's easy," Perry told him. "A 'cuda will strike anything that's bright—like white gloves. Didn't all the victims wear 'em? Hackett would hide the gloves and offer a pair of white ones. I found several pairs in his chest."

**FOLLOW PERRY SCOTT in  
MEDITERRANEAN MADNESS  
IN THE JANUARY ISSUE OF  
FEATURE / ON Sale COMICS / NOVEMBER 22ND**

# RUSTY RYAN

OF BOYVILLE

BY PAUL GUSTAVSON



SMILEY! CALL WS5M AT SALT LAKE CITY... NOTIFY THEM OF THE POSITION! I'M GETTING SOME FELLOWS TOGETHER TO GO OUT TO THAT PLANE!



OKAY!

HEY! THE LOS ANGELES JUST CRACKED UP WEST OF MOOSE LAKE! GRAB YOUR SKIS AND C'MON!



LOOKS LIKE A BLIZZARD IS BLOWIN' UP TOO!

AND A LITTLE LATER A SKI PATROL LEAVES BOYVILLE, HEADED FOR THE LOST PLANE...



THEN FOLLOWS GRUELING TRAVEL THROUGH SNOW, SLEET AND BITTER COLD... BUT THE BOYS MEET THE MANLY TEST...



WE SHOULD BE NEARING IT NOW....



THERE'S THE PLANE!! AND I CAN SEE SOMEBODY MOVING... THERE'S A FIRE!



BUT, AS THE PARTY ZOOMS DOWN A MOUNTAINSIDE, A TREACHEROUS GORGE APPEARS JUST BEFORE THEM...



LOOK OUT!! PULL UP... PULL UP!! GORGE AHEAD! HEADS UP!



RUSTY ZOOMS INTO THE LEADER'S POSITION....



...AND LIKE A STREAK, HE BODY-CHECKS A BOY WHO IS HEADED FOR THE CHASM....



WOW! I STOPPED YOU JUST IN TIME, BOB! I'LL SAY YOU DID, RUSTY!



WE'LL HAVE TO SKIRT THIS GORGE NOW TO GET TO THE PLANE! RUSTY, I'LL BE THIS IS MOOSE LAKE GORGE, THAT CAPPY TOLD US ABOUT IT'S 20 MILES LONG AND CIRCLES THE MOUNTAIN!



HMM—IT WOULD TAKE US TEN HOURS TO GO THAT WAY!

MAYBE WE SHOULD LET THE PEOPLE AT THE PLANE KNOW WE'RE HERE...



HELLOOO!! S-SAY... LOOK! SOMEBODY'S COME TO HELP US!



YEAH—TWO OF THE PASSENGERS ARE BADLY HURT... AND THE REST OF US ARE HALF FROZEN!

IT'LL BE TEN HOURS BEFORE WE CAN ENCIRCLE THIS GORGE AND REACH YOU!



WHAT? WE'LL NEVER LAST THAT LONG AS WE ARE NOW... OUR CLOTHES AND FOOD ARE....



BUT THE WORDS DIE OUT AS A TERRIFIC GALE WHIPS UP SLEET AND SNOW ON THE MOUNTAINSIDE.....



IT'S THAT BLIZZARD-- IT'S STARTED!

WHAT CAN WE DO TO HELP THEM, RUSTY? AND IT'LL GET 20 MORE DEGREES COLDER!



GIVE ME YOUR LONG ROPE, CHUCK... I'VE AN IDEA!



YOU FELLOWS HOLD TIGHT TO YOUR END—THAT'S ALL!

I HOPE THIS WORKS, RUSTY!



OKAY!! I'LL BE BACK IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES... JUST KEEP CLEAR OF THE OTHER END OF THE ROPE, FELLOWS!



H-HE'S GOIN' UP THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN!

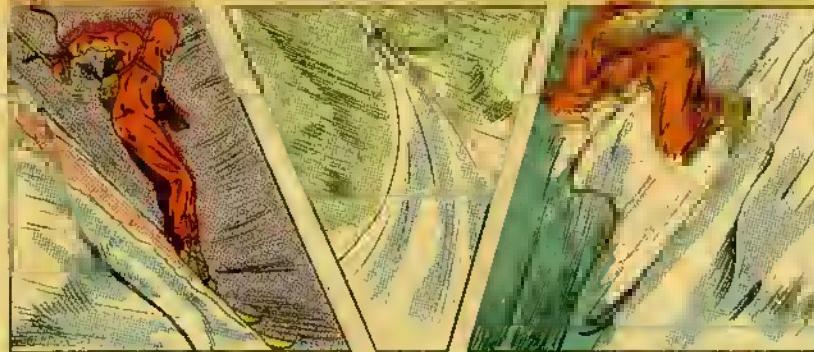
YEAH! HE'S GONNA JUMP THE GORGE.. AN' TAKE THE ROPE WITH HIM!



HMM... I'D BETTER NOT MISS!



RUSTY WHEELS AROUND ON THE STEEP SLOPE AND STARTS BACK DOWN... HIS SPEED INCREASES TILL HE FLIES LIKE A BULLET...



JUMPIN' HOP-TOADS! THAT FELLOW'S GOING TO TRY JUMPING THAT CHASM... IT'S 50 FEET EASY... AND SUICIDE!



GOOD LUCK, RUSTY!



WOW! I MADE IT BY INCHES!! WHEW....



HYA HANK! HERE... GIVE THIS BEEF BROTH TO THE OTHERS... WHILE I FIX THINGS UP HERE... THEN HAVE EVERYBODY COME UP THIS WAY....



THEN, FASTENING THE ROPE ON HIS SIDE OF THE GORGE, RUSTY TIES PASSENGERS TO HIMSELF AND FERRIES THEM OVER.....



SMILEY—I'LL GO BACK AND GET THE SCHOOL SLEIGH TO HAUL 'EM... GET THEM DOWN TO THE RIGHT... THAT MAIN ROAD... MEET ME THERE!



SAY! DOESN'T THAT GUY EVER GET TIRED? LOOKIT HIM GO NOW... IT MUSTA TAKEN HIM A DOZEN YEARS TO LEARN TO SKI LIKE THAT!



NO... NOT THAT! WHAT? WHY I LONG, MISTER... NEVER SAW RUSTY'S ONLY HIS FACE TILL SIXTEEN NOW! JUST NOW, AND UNDER HIS HOOD... BUT I'D SWEAR THAT RADIO OPERATOR I ALWAYS SPOKE TO, WAS AT LEAST



# ACE of SPACE

by  
H. Weston Taylor

ACE EGAN IS THE POSSESSOR OF A BELT FROM ANOTHER PLANET—ALSO A SPACE SHIP WITH THE WEIRD POWERS GIVEN HIM BY THE BELT. HE FIGHTS FOR HUMANITY.



AND EACH WARRING NATION WANTS ONE THING~OUR HELP

IF WE COULD ONLY GET THE U.S. IN ON OUR SIDE!



AND, IN ANOTHER CAPITAL...

THEY WILL BE FIGHTING FOR US IN 60 DAYS! IT IS ARRANGED!



OUTRAGEOUS! LOOKS LIKE THE SPECIAL FOREIGN COMMITTEE'S GONE CRAZY!

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT, ACE?

AND IN ACE EGAN'S CLUB, WHERE HE IS KNOWN ONLY AS A PLAYBOY

THINK OF WHAT?



WHY~THE PRESIDENT'S NEW COMMITTEE ON THE WAR SITUATION IS SWINGING TOWARD THE DICTATORS!



A BREAK WITH THE ALLIES SEEMS UNAVOIDABLE NOW!

BUT WHY?



THAT'S WHAT NOBODY KNOWS~IT'S INSANE!



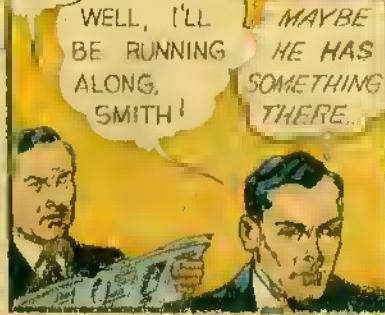
THE ACE OF SPACE SHOULD LOOK INTO THIS!

MAYBE HE WILL!

IT SURE DOESN'T ADD UP ~ WHY THE COMMITTEE'S CHANGE OF POLICY, SMITH?



BLAST IT, THEY DON'T EVEN ACT LIKE THE SAME MEN, ACE!



I WONDER IF ACE IS THE IDLER HE SEEMS TO BE!



30 MINUTES LATER - ACE'S HOME

JENNINGS, I'M GOING TO MY ROOM ~ DON'T DISTURB ME!



WITH THIS BELT ON, I CAN DO ANYTHING!

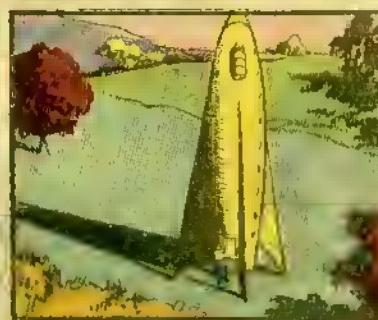


~AND BECOMES A 9 FOOT GIANT

SO THAT'S IT! I'M HEADING FOR THE SPACE SHIP AND WASHINGTON!



IT'S A FIENDISHLY CLEVER TRICK, BUT IT WON'T WORK!



HE TOUCHES A BUTTON AND THE STRANGE CRAFT APPEARS.

HE LEAPS TOWARD HIS NOW INVISIBLE SPACE SHIP



MEANWHILE IN WASHINGTON, THE FOREIGN COMMITTEE MEETS

WILL HE SIGN IT?



WITH A ROAR, THE SPACE SHIP SHOOTS SKYWARD AND HEADS TOWARD WASHINGTON ~



IN 15 MINUTES HE WILL BE  
HERE.. AND TOMORROW ~  
WAR FOR AMERICA !

SO TELEPATHY'S ONE OF  
MY POWERS! I KNOW THAT  
TREATY WILL BE SIGNED IN  
15 MINUTES. GOT TO WORK  
FAST!

THE SHIP DROPS TO EARTH  
NEAR THE WHITE HOUSE

AND DISAPPEARS FROM SIGHT.

THIS IS THE QUICKEST  
ROUTE TO THE WHITE  
HOUSE.

AT THE WHITE HOUSE GATE

NO VISITORS~ SAY, WHO  
ARE YOU?

WHAT THE~  
WHERE'D IT GO?  
THE ACE  
IT'S A OF SPACE  
GIANT! I'LL BET!

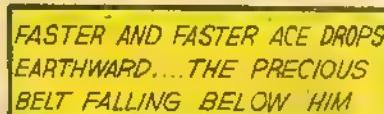
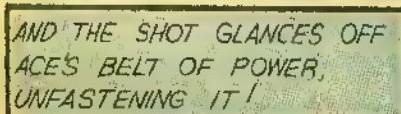
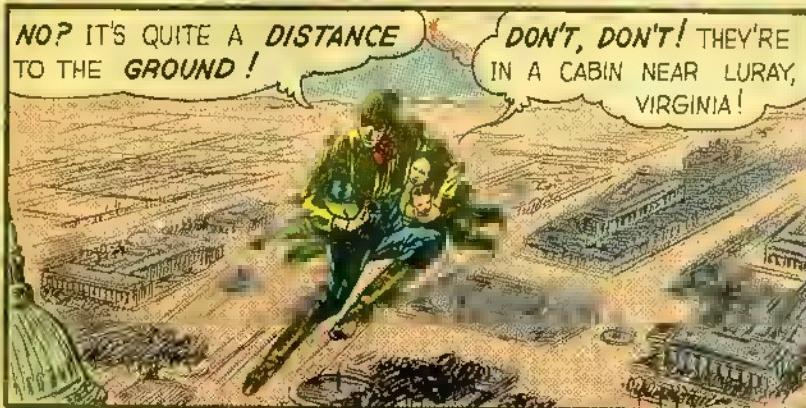
I'M NO VISITOR!

THEY'RE MEETING IN THAT  
ROOM~

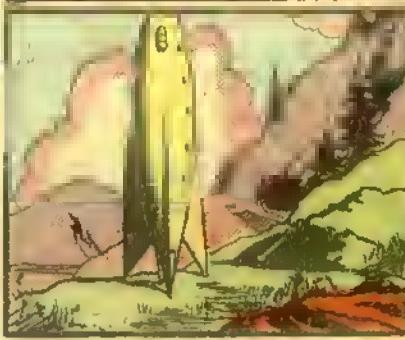
~ON THE 2ND FLOOR.

HERE GOES!

PARDON MY INFORMALITY,  
YOU SNEAKY IMPOSTERS!



10 MINUTES LATER, THE SHIP  
COMES TO REST NEAR LURAY VA



NOW, WHERE'S THAT CABIN?



THANK HEAVEN!



YOU'D BETTER GET BACK TO  
WASHINGTON FAST. THESE  
BIRDS JUST ABOUT HAVE US  
IN A WAR!



15 MINUTES LATER, AT  
THE WHITE HOUSE



STOP! WE WANT TO TALK  
TO YOU!



AN HOUR LATER, THE SPACE  
SHIP IS OVER THE ATLANTIC,  
NEARING EUROPE.



I'VE A SURPRISE FOR  
YOUR BOSSSES!



OVER ONE DICTATOR CAPITAL...



AND ANOTHER~~~



AND IN THE THIRD CAPITAL



WHAT IS THIS? RETURNED  
WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF  
THE ACE OF SPACE!"



# REYNOLDS MOUNTED

OF THE  
4 AST  
DAM

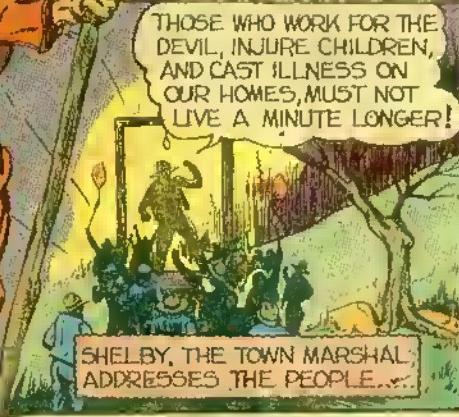
NESTLED HIGH IN THE HILLS, THE TOWN OF RED ROCK IS IN AN UPROAR AS A SCOURGE OF WITCHCRAFT LEAVES DEATH AND DESTRUCTION IN ITS WAKE--THE PEOPLE RISE IN FURY TO STAMP OUT THOSE WHO DABBLE IN DEMONS AND SPIRITS.



A FIGURE WATCHES FROM THE SHADOWS....



UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS, A FIGURE STEALS TOWARD THE OLD HAG'S SHACK...



ON THE WITCH'S ORDER, SHELBY  
BARES HIS ARM—SUDDENLY SHE  
PRICKS IT WITH A NEEDLE.....



THEN SHE PRICKS HER OWN ARM.....



THEN, TELL ME WHO IS BEHIND  
THIS WITCHCRAFT RACKET...YOU  
AND THE OTHERS, WHO ARE  
TAKING OVER THE RANCHES OF  
THE CONDEMNED  
WOMEN!



NOW I'LL BE  
SURE YOU WON'T  
TURN THE PEOPLE  
AGAINST ME! IF  
THEY KNEW YOU  
HAD A MEETING  
WITH A WITCH,  
YOU'D BURN—

NO ONE  
WILL KNOW!  
COME,...MY  
CHILD!!!



LATER—AT SHELBY'S HOME...

GET OUT, SHELBY.  
I MUST WORK  
ALONE!!



SO THAT'S  
IT—THE  
FOOLS!!



FROM THE NEXT ROOM A FIGURE  
SILENTLY WATCHES...

SHE'S EXAMINING  
THE CHILD—NOW  
SHE'S GIVING  
HIM SOMETHING  
TAKEN FROM  
THE FOLDS OF  
HER DRESS...



WHEN SHELBY IS CALLED IN....

O, MASTER! I SPEAK  
TO YOU WHO HAVE  
RAISED THE DEAD TO  
LIFE—I ASK  
YOU TO SAVE  
THIS CHILD!



LOOK! MY CHILD'S  
SAVED...GO NOW,  
WITCH—OUR  
BARGAIN IS  
DONE!!



SHE IS A REAL  
WITCH, SERGEANT  
REYNOLDS—BUT  
THE TOWNSFOLK  
MUST NEVER KNOW!

A REAL  
WITCH, EH?  
I  
WONDER!

REYNOLDS FOLLOWS THE OLD  
WITCH TO HER HOME.....

SOMETHING  
MIGHTY QUEER  
ABOUT HER...  
WHAT'S THAT?

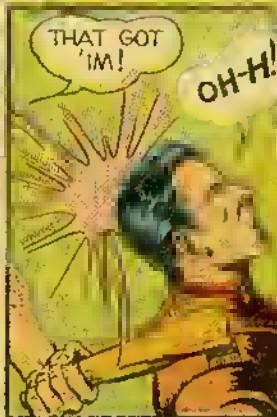


SUDDENLY SEVERAL FORMS LEAP OUT  
FROM THE BUSHES...

GET TH'  
MOUNTIE,  
BOYS!



REYNOLDS FIGHTS VALIANTLY AGAINST TERRIFIC ODDS....



AS THE MEN RUSH AT THE OLD CRONE, SHE RAISES HER ARMS

FLAMES AND BLUE LIGHTS SHOOT OUT AT THE MEN, THROWING THEM INTO PANIC.....

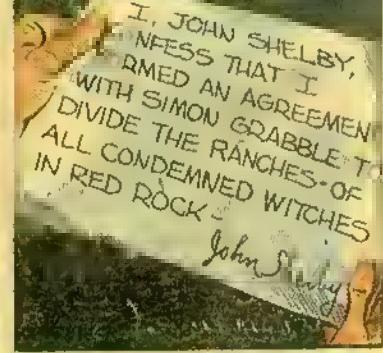


NEXT MORNING -

OW - MY HEAD! GREAT SCOTT!! I'M IN THE WITCH'S CABIN!



REYNOLDS LOOKS AROUND THE CABIN... HE FINDS A BOOK.....



SO! SIMON GRABBLE, THE RICHEST MAN IN THESE PARTS IS BEHIND THIS WITCHCRAFT SCARE, EH? TAKING RANCHES OF INNOCENT WIDOWS AND MAKING THE TOWNSFOLK THINK THEY'RE WITCHES!

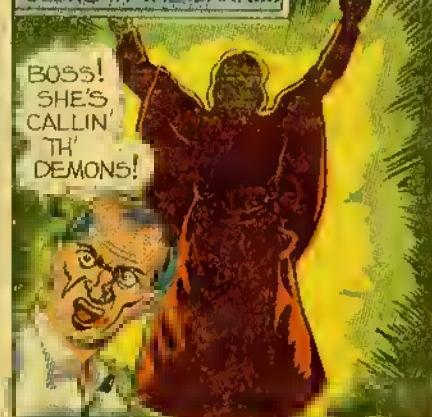
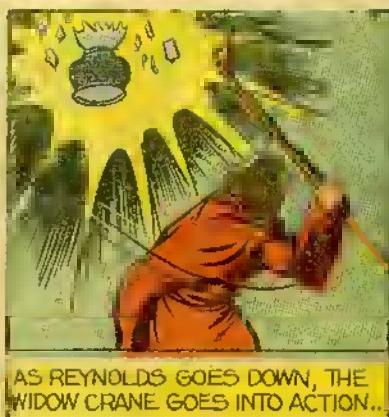
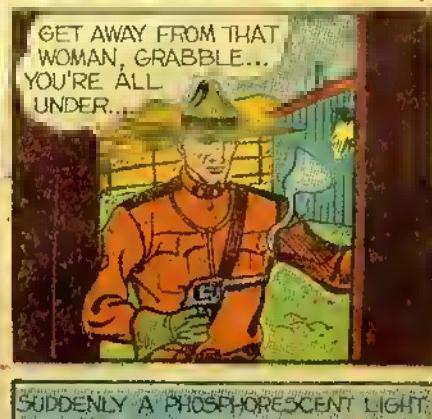


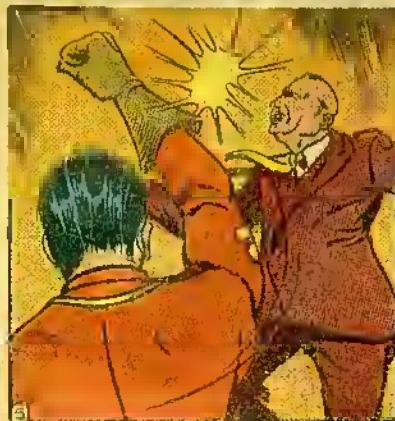
BUT WHERE'S THE OLD WITCH WHO SAVED ME? ... GUESS SHE'LL TURN UP AGAIN... NOW TO CALL ON SIMON GRABBLE!!



LATER  
THERE'S GRABBLE'S RANCH... I'D BETTER TAKE IT EASY AND SEE IF I CAN LEARN SOMETHING FIRST!







ORDER BEFORE PRICE GOES UP

MAIL COUPON TODAY

SPECIAL DURING THIS SALES

FOR THE FIRST TIME

You can now get a "LITTLE MAN" printing press built with parts stamped out like auto bodies—lighter, stronger and cheaper than castings—the idea that makes possible this all-time low price!

WORKS like the famous GORON PRESS with STANDARD TYPE. You learn to set type, lock up forms, read proofs, make ready, feed the press—love the smell of printer's ink and know the magic of taking a blank piece of paper and printing words, ideas, powerful enough to move a people, after the manner of Ben Franklin.

PRINTING IS FUN AND PAYS!

**Peck Brothers**

**PRINT CARDS • CUTS  
TICKETS • LABELS**

From REAL Printer's Metal Type with PRINTER'S INK

**NEW ONE-MAN SHOP COMES COMPLETE**

Including substantially built, ALL-STEEL press, mechanical inking roller,  $2\frac{1}{2}$ " x  $3\frac{1}{2}$ " steel type chase, 138-pc. set of 12 pt. Copperplate Gothic type, en and em quads, thin spaces, rigglets, lock-up screws, ink, paper and step-by-step instructions easily followed.

**ACCESSORIES**

Extra Type, 12 pt. Gothic..... 50c  
Small Gothic, 8 on 12 pt. .... \$1.00  
Job Font Quads & Spaces..... 75c  
Wood Case for Type..... 75c

**MONEY BACK GUARANTEE**

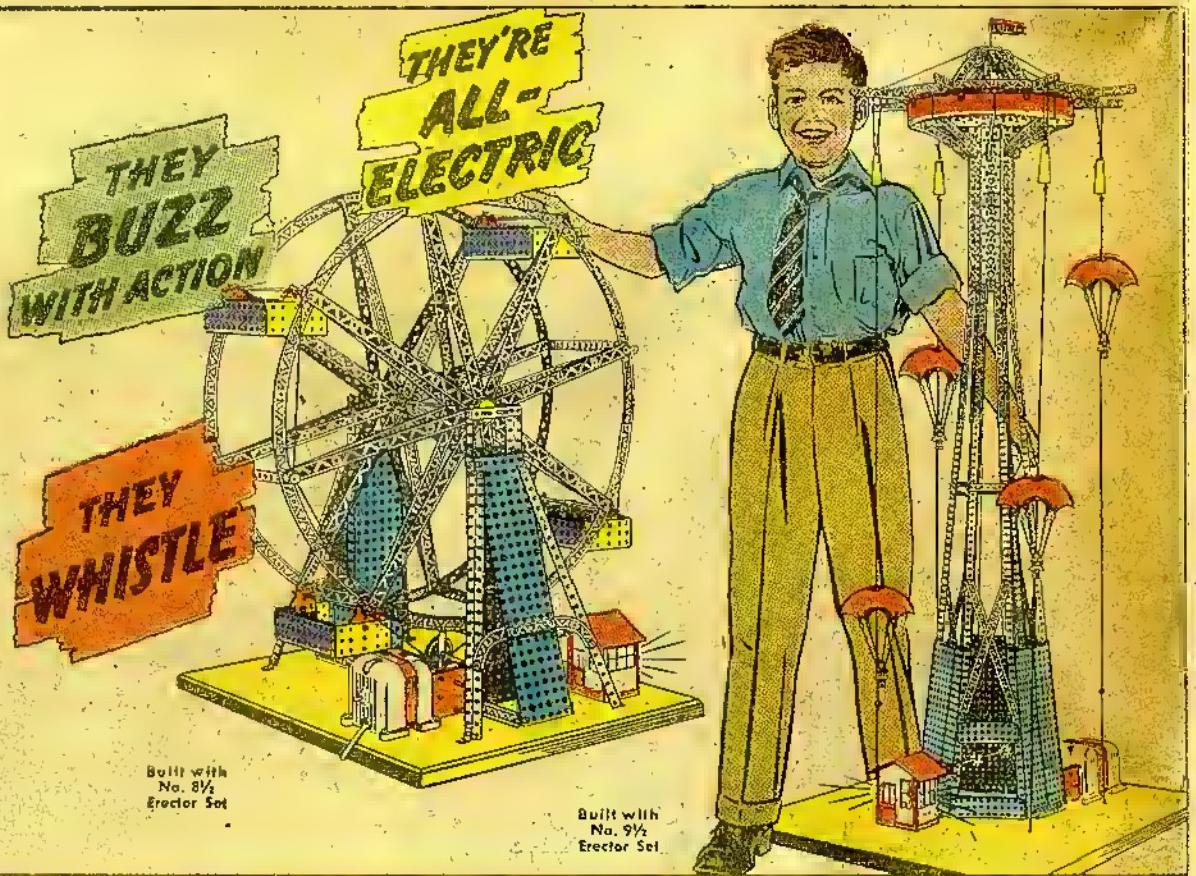
7 Day Free Trial

Send "LITTLE MAN"  
Printing Press with Accessories  
( Amount Enclosed)

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Unless you wish, Pay Postman \$2.00 plus 60c for charges (Pac. Coast \$2.85). Or, if you prefer attach \$2.00 plus 35c postage and save \$1.00 deposit on C.O.D.'s beyond 200 miles.

**PECK BROTHERS** 2925 WHITNEY AVE.  
MT. CARMEL, CONN.



Built with  
No. 8½  
Erector Set

Built with  
No. 9½  
Erector Set

## BOYS!

Look at that towering Erector parachute jump, with electrically illuminated top. You build it yourself.

Piece by piece you fit the long gleaming girders together—attach the parachute rigging—and install the powerful Erector reversing electric engine... And now for thrilling action! Blow your whistle... throw your engine into gear and your parachutes are hoisted up and up until they strike the release mechanism. Then, like a flash, they plummet downward—unfold—and lazily float to the ground.

Now get a load of that mighty Ferris-wheel. It whistles—twinkles with light—operates in either direction at slow or high speed. You can build hundreds of spectacular, realistic mechanical marvels with one Erector set. And how the Erector electric engine makes them buzz with action! See the new Erectors at your nearest toy store. Take Dad along.

A. C. Gilbert, Founder of the Gilbert Hall of Science, the home of Erector, American Flyer Trains, Gilbert Chemistry Sets, Gilbert Microscopes and other Gilbert Scientific Toys.

## THE COLOSSAL ALL-ELECTRIC ERECTOR

### All-Electric No. 8½ Erector

Crammed with exciting electric features. Whistle, 110 Volt reversing electric engine, with automobile-type gear shift. Electric lights. Electro-magnet so powerful it grabs up steel girders before it touches them. Contains total of 15 pounds of up-to-the-minute parts for building bascule bridge, giant Ferris wheel, magnetic crane, oil drilling rig and many other colossal, whistling, engine driven, electrically lighted engineering marvels. Builds over 100 models. Price \$12.95. Other Erector Sets from \$1.00.



# The COLOSSAL ALL-ELECTRIC ERECTOR



The A. C. Gilbert Co., 603 Erector Square, New Haven, Conn.  
Rush big book. (Offer good only in U. S. A. and Canada.)

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Street.....  
City..... State.....

Big 24-page illustrated book—  
"It's Fun to Be a Boy Engineer"—  
Boys, getting this book is as exciting as going to the movies. Over 100 illustrations. Mail coupon or post card.



*Hi Boys!*

These new Electric Games are built on Sturdy Wood Frames size 14 x 16 inches, have Plated Metal Parts, Big Double-Battery Power Units, Electrically Illuminated Plays, and Colorful Handsomely Lacquered Playing Fields. BE SURE you get yours this Christmas!

**OVER  
For a TOUCHDOWN!**

A MERICA'S greatest Football game! Loaded with Fun, Thrills, and the Fascination of Electricity!

You and your opponent represent Coach, Quarterback, Line, Ends, Backfield, and Cheering Section of your respective teams. The player who knows smart Football and who can outmaneuver his opponent will control the yardage of the miniature football as it goes up and down the gridiron—but the uncertainty

of the game often gives the losing player a "Fighting Chance" and he may sweep down the field for a "Touchdown" or a "Smashing Last-Minute Victory!"

Game comes complete, ready to play, with Miniature Football, Timing Device, Lights, Batteries, etc. Packed in brilliant yellow gift box.

Be the popular owner of this champion of games! New 1941 MODEL \$2.

MAIL THIS COUPON

Avoid Christmas Rush—ORDER NOW! We Pay Postage.

ELECTRIC GAME COMPANY, INC.,  
6 BRIDGE STREET, HOLYOKE, MASS.

Gentlemen: I enclose \$\_\_\_\_\_ Please ship at once the games (checked at right) to:

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

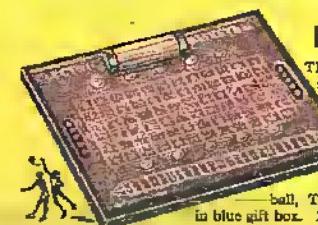
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

TOWN \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

- \$2. ELECTRIC FOOTBALL
- \$1. ELECTRIC BASEBALL
- \$2. ELECTRIC ICE HOCKEY
- \$2. ELECTRIC BASKETBALL
- \$6. for three games checked above—  
FREE Transformer included.

GET THIS  
*free!*

With every order for three games we will include FREE one Special Transformer Unit for operating games from any 110 volt A.C. outlet. Replaces batteries.



### ELECTRIC BASKETBALL

THERE is fun galore with this popular new Electric Basketball game! You actually *feel yourself* streaking down the gym floor sinking a "flashy shot" for the team! Plays and scoring follow regulation Basketball from start to finish. Complete with Miniature Basketball, Timing Device, Lights, Batteries, etc. in blue gift box. 1941 MODEL, \$2.

